



HISTORY

OF

ILLINOIS

in
Words
of



ONE SYLLABLE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





STAT-UE OF LIN-COLN, IN LIN-COLN PARK, CHIC-A-GO.

HISTORY OF ILLINOIS

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE



BY

THOMAS W. HANDFORD.

Profusely Illustrated

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.



COPYRIGHT BY
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.
1888



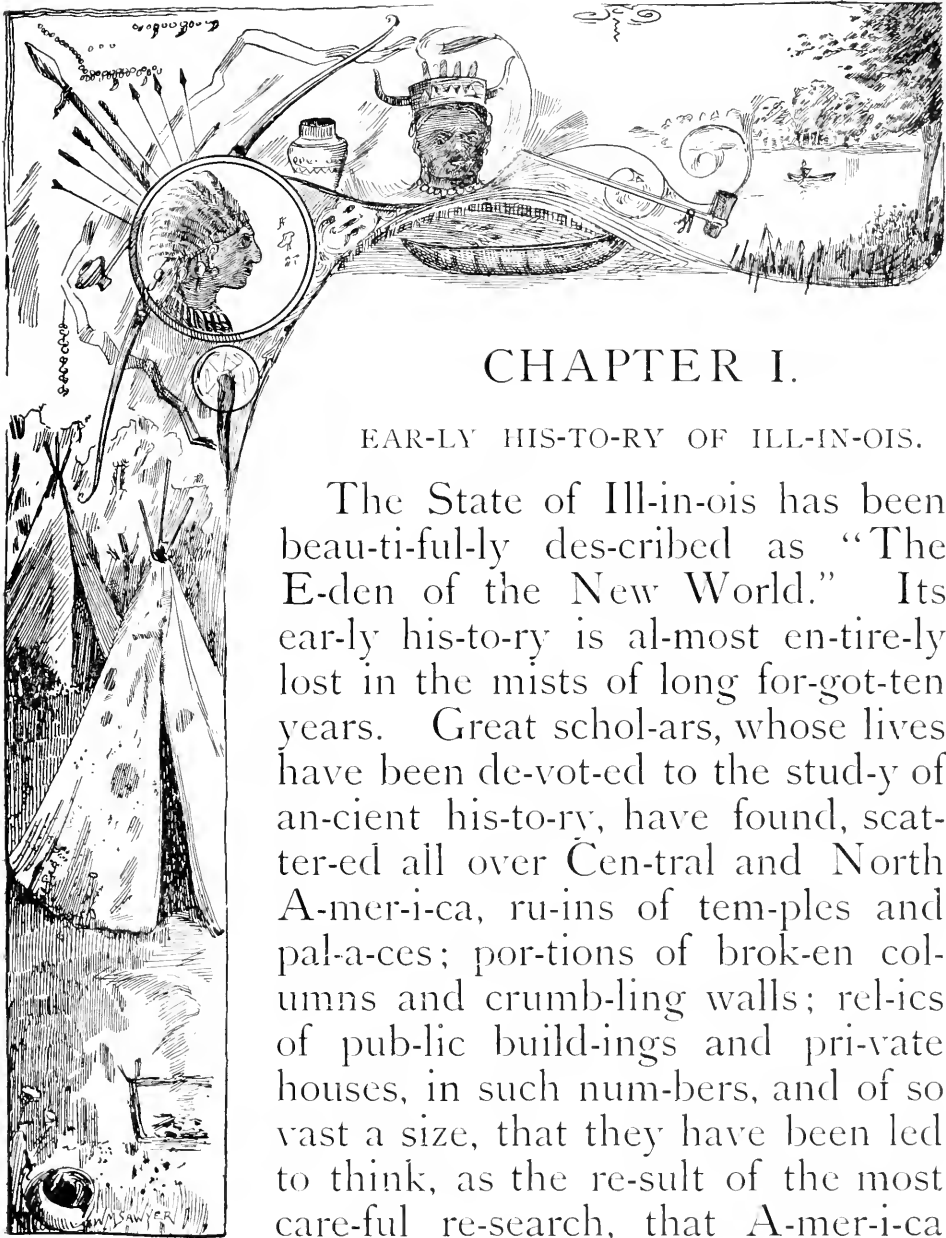
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY Printers and Binders, Chicago.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. Ear-ly His-to-ry of Ill-in-ois, - - - - -	7
II. The Mound Build-ers, - - - - -	10
III. In-dians in Ill-in-ois, - - - - -	13
IV. In-dians in Ill-in-ois—The Fam-i-ly, - - - - -	17
V. In-dians in Ill-in-ois—Child-hood and Youth, - - - - -	28
VI. In-dians in Ill-in-ois—Hunt-ing, - - - - -	30
VII. In-dians in Ill-in-ois—War-fare, - - - - -	36
VIII. In-dians in Ill-in-ois—Re-lig-i-ous Views—Bur-ial of the Dead, - - - - -	43
IX. In-dians in Ill-in-ois—Mis-cel-la-ne-ous, - - - - -	49
X. First White Men in Ill-in-ois—Mar-quette and Jol-i-et, - - - - -	57
XI. La Salle and Ton-ti, - - - - -	67
XII. Set-tle-ments in Ill-in-ois—Mis-sion Life and Work, - - - - -	72
XIII. Ill-in-ois un-der French Rule, - - - - -	79
XIV. More In-dian Troub-les—War with the Chic-a-saws, - - - - -	90
XV. The Con-spir-a-cy and Death of Pon-ti-ac, - - - - -	95
XVI. Ill-in-ois Be-comes a Brit-ish Prov-ince, - - - - -	103
XVII. George Rog-ers Clarke in Ill-in-ois, - - - - -	107
XVIII. Ill-in-ois Part of the North-west Ter-ri-to-ry, - - - - -	115
XIX. The Mas-sa-cre at Fort Dear-born, - - - - -	121
XX. Ill-in-ois be-comes a State—Pi-o-neer Days, - - - - -	127
XXI. The Young State Makes Won-der-ful Pro-gress, - - - - -	136
XXII. The Black Hawk War, - - - - -	139
XXIII. Shab-bo-na, a Friend-ly In-dian, - - - - -	142
XXIV. Stir-ring, Trag-ic Days, - - - - -	144
XXV. Rap-id Strides—1846-1861, - - - - -	149
XXVI. The Gath-er-ing Storm—Hon. Steph-en A. Doug-las, - - - - -	152
XXVII. The War of the Re-bell-ion—A-bra-ham Lin-coln, - - - - -	156
XXVIII. The War of the Re-bell-ion—Grant and Lo-gan, - - - - -	165
XXIX. Men of Ill-in-ois in the War of the Re-bell-ion, - - - - -	173
XXX. Chic-a-go, the Great Mar-vel of Mod-ern Cit-ies, - - - - -	178
XXXI. The Great Fire of Chic-a-go, - - - - -	183
XXXII. Chic-a-go af-ter the Fire, - - - - -	192
XXXIII. Chic-a-go Re-built, - - - - -	197
XXXIV. Re-cent E-vents, - - - - -	203

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Lin-corn's Mon-u-ment, Lin-corn Park,		Steam-boat on the Mis-sis-sip-pi,	116
Chi-ca go, - - - - - <i>Fron-tis-piece.</i>		View of Fort Dear-born, from the Riv-er,	119
Mound in South-ern Ill-i-nois, - - - - -	12	Fort Dear-born, E-rec-ted 1804, - - - - -	122
Mound Rel-ics, - - - - -	12	Doug-las Mon u-ment, Chi ca go, - - - - -	125
An Al gon-quin, - - - - -	15	An Em-i-grant Train Cross-ing the Prair-ie,	129
An Ir-o-quois, - - - - -	16	Freight Train - - - - -	130
In-dian En-camp-ment on the Mis sis sip pi,	19	Stage Coach of the Old Days, - - - - -	131
Guard-ing the Corn, - - - - -	23	Fac-ing a Prair-ie Storm, - - - - -	132
Hus-band, Wife and Daugh-ter, - - - - -	24	The Pi-o-neer Farm-er, Fif-ty Years A-go,	134
Pap-poose, - - - - -	26	A Prair-ie Har-vest Field in 1888, - - - - -	135
Teach-ing the Young I-dea how to Shoot,	27	School House of the Pi-o-neer Days, - - - - -	137
The young In-dian Re-ceive the Ben-e-dic- tion of his Chief, - - - - -	29	Black Hawk, - - - - -	141
In-dian Fish-ing, - - - - -	32	Shab-bo-na, - - - - -	143
In-dians Hunt-ing the Buff-a-lo, - - - - -	33	Chi-ca-go in 1833, - - - - -	145
The In-dian and his Horse, - - - - -	35	State House, Spring-field, - - - - -	147
The War Dance, - - - - -	37	U-ni-ted States Ar-sen-al, Rock Is-land, - - - - -	151
War ri-or Ad-dress-ing Braves as They Set Out on the War-Path, - - - - -	39	The Hon. Steph-en A. Doug-las, - - - - -	153
Tak-ing a Scalp! - - - - -	41	A-bra-ham Lin-corn, - - - - -	157
Shoo-ting from be-hind a Tree, - - - - -	42	Ear-ly Home of A-bra-ham Lin-corn, - - - - -	158
An In-dian Grave, from a Pho-to-graph, - - - - -	46	"Boys, Abe Lin-corn is the Best Fel-low in This Set-tle-ment," - - - - -	160
Bear-ing Wound-ed from the Bat-tle-field,	47	Lin-corn's Home in Spring-field, - - - - -	161
An In-dian Prair-ie Cem-e-ter-y, - - - - -	48	The Lin-corn Mon-u-ment, at Spring-field,	163
In-dians in Coun-cil, - - - - -	49	U. S. Grant, - - - - -	162
I-tah! I-tah! — "Good Be to You," - - - - -	51	Gen-er-al John A. Lo-gan, - - - - -	165
Spec-i-men of In-dian Re-cords, - - - - -	53	Gen-er-al John A. Lo-gan at the Bat-tle of At-lan-ta, - - - - -	171
How In-dians Poi-son-ed their Ar-rows,	55	Scene in Lin-corn Park, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	175
"Fare-well! Fare-well!" - - - - -	60	The Lit-tle Pap-poose in Dan-ger, - - - - -	181
Mar-quette and Jol-i-et descend-ing the Mis-sis-sip-pi, - - - - -	64	De-pot of the Chic-a-go and North West-ern Rail-way, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	185
In-dians Play-ing Ball on the Ice, - - - - -	65	Map of the Burnt Dis-trict of Chic-a-go, - - - - -	186
Church at Ca-ho-ki-a, - - - - -	71	Scene in Chic-a-go the Day af-ter the Fire,	189
Indian Head Rock, Sa-van-na, Ill-i-nois,	75	Post Of-fice, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	191
The Ter-ri-ble Mas-sa-cre of 1729, - - - - -	87	Scene on the Chic-a-go Riv-er, - - - - -	193
Pon-ti-ac, - - - - -	97	State Street, Chic-a-go, Look-ing South,	195
Homes Burn-ed and Fam-i-lies Driv-en Out to Die in the Woods, - - - - -	100	Gar-field Park, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	198
Bluff on the Mis-sis-sip-pi, Sa-van-na, Ill- i-nois, - - - - -	105	Board of Trade, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	199
French Set-tlers and In-dians Leav-ing Ill- i-nois, - - - - -	108	A-ca-de-my of Fine Arts, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	200
The City of Pe-o-ri-a, - - - - -	114	Rush Med-i-cal Col-lege, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	201
		Ex-po-si-tion Build-ing, Chic-a-go, - - - - -	202
		Wash-ing-ton Park Club House, Chic-a-go,	204
		Grand Trunk De-pot, Polk St., Chic-a-go, - - - - -	205



CHAPTER I.

EARLY HIS-TORY OF ILL-IN-OIS.

The State of Ill-in-ois has been beau-ti-ful-ly des-cribed as "The E-den of the New World." Its ear-ly his-to-ry is al-most en-tire-ly lost in the mists of long for-got-ten years. Great schol-ars, whose lives have been de-vot-ed to the stud-y of an-cient his-to-ry, have found, scat-tered all over Cen-tral and North A-mer-i-ca, ru-ins of tem-ples and pal-a-ces; por-tions of brok-en col-umns and crumb-ling walls; rel-ics of pub-lic build-ings and pri-vate houses, in such num-bers, and of so vast a size, that they have been led to think, as the re-sult of the most care-ful re-search, that A-mer-i-ca

was the home of a wonderful civil-ization, many, many ages ago; and that, instead of calling A-mer-i-ca "The New World," it should more properly be called "The Old World."

These learned men believe that in many places where relics are found, cities of great size and magnificence flourished long before the foundations of Baal-bec, or Pal-my-ra, or Thebes, were laid. It is wonderful to think that long before Rome was built, or the Pyramids reared their lofty heads by the banks of the Nile, there may have been densely crowded cities all over this fair land; and that on the fruitful plains of Illinois, men and women, by thousands, lived and loved, suffered and died, of whose existence there is scarcely the faintest trace. All this seems very strange; but the men who tell us these things are much too wise and careful to make such statements without good reason.

Whence these first inhabitants of A-mer-i-ca came from we shall probably never know. Some think they came from A-sia by way of Beh-ring Strait. Others cherish a tradition, still maintained in Chi-na, to the effect that a company of sail-ors, driven off shore by west-er-ly winds, sailed many weeks, until they came to a great con-ti-nent, where the al-oe and kindred plants,

were found to flourish in great abundance. These plants we recognize at once as natives of Mexico. It is not impossible that Greek or Phœnician sailors may have crossed the Atlantic in those early years; but if they did, they never returned to tell the story of their strange adventures. The Ir-quois Indians have a legend on this subject, pointing to the very beginning of the human race. According to this legend Ta-rhu-hia-wa-ka, the Sky-holder, resolved upon the creation of a race which should surpass all others in the qualities of strength, beauty and bravery. So, from the bosom of a great island, where they had for many ages before lived on moles, the Sky-holder brought into the day-light six perfectly mated couples, who were set apart as the ancestors of the greatest of all peoples. That America is the oldest of existing lands many eminent geologists confidently assert. After all our research in this direction we gain but little, and nothing very certainly; we shall have to be content to leave the first pages of American history concealed in mystery. We shall never know much about the first Americans.

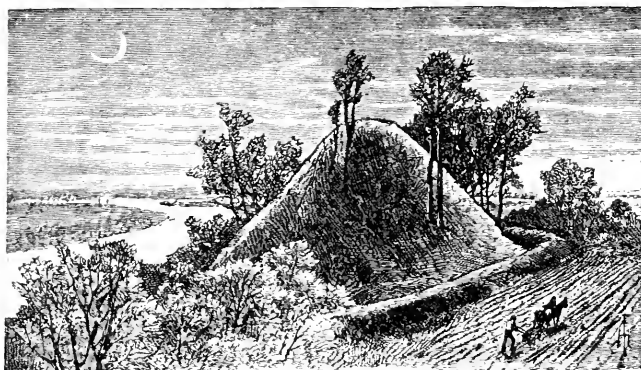
CHAPTER II.

THE MOUND BUILD-ERS.

Long af-ter the an-cient race, re-ferr-ed to in the last chap-ter, had pass-ed a-way ; and long be-fore the In-dian had pitch-ed his wig-wam in the for-est, or float-ed his birch-bark ca-noe on the wa-ters of the riv-ers and the great lakes, a sec-ond race of peo-ple known as the Mound Build-ers, in-hab-it-ed large por-tions of Cen-tral and North A-mer-i-ca. This re-mark-a-ble race has left no sto-ries, no le-gends, no tra-di-tions, not a sin-gle word of its lan-guage, to guide us to a know-ledge of its ways of liv-ing. These Mounds on-ly re-main to give us hints ra-ther than to tell us what we de-sire to know of their build-ers. These mounds are banks of earth, thrown up and grass-ed over, form-ing earth-works or em-bank-ments, of-ten of an im-mense size. There are thou-sands of these mounds still in ex-ist-ence, man-y of them o-ver nine-ty feet in height, and a hun-dred feet in di-am-e-ter at the base. A long chain of these re-mark-a-ble build-ings was dis-cov-er-ed, be-gin-ning at Black river on the south

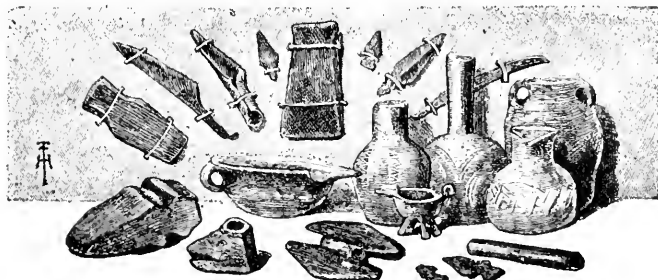
side of Lake On-ta-ri-o ex-tend-ing through O-hi-o, all a-long the Mis-sis-sip-pi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co. One of these mounds, in Ad-ams coun-ty, O-hi-o, rep-re-sents an e-nor-mous ser-pent 1000 feet long, which ap-pears to be a-bout to swal-low an egg-shap-ed fig-ure 164 feet long. The pres-ent site of Mar-i-et-ta, O-hi-o, is sup-pos-ed to have been one of the larg-est vil-la-ges e-rect-ed by these cu-ri-ous build-ers, hav-ing, it is be-liev-ed, at a ver-y re-mote pe-ri-od, a pop-u-la-tion of not less than 5,000 peo-ple. A-long the Mis-sis-sip-pi val-ley more than 3,000 of these mounds have been dis-cov-er-ed, man-y of them were found in North-ern and West-ern Ill-in-ois. At Ca-ho-kia, just op-po-site St. Lou-is, there are dis-tinct tra-ces of two of these homes of the an-cient Mound Build-ers. One of these mounds is 800 yards in cir-cum-fer-ence at the base, and 100 feet in height. The larg-est of these mounds is known as Monk's Mound, from the fact that the Monks of La Trappe set-tled on and a-round it. The top of this mound con-tains more than three a-cres of land.

Some years a-go, in mak-ing an ex-ca-va-tion for an ice-house on the north-west part of Monk's Mound, hu-man bones and white pot-ter-y were found in large quan-ti-ties. This whole re-gion of the A-mer-i-can Bot-tom, in the neigh-bor-



MOUND IN SOUTH-ERN ILL-IN-OIS.

hood of Ca-ho-kia, embracing part of the west-ern border of Mad-ison and St. Clair coun-ties, shows the re-mains of from 60 to 80 mounds. These mounds are of ev-er-y size and form, con-sist-ing of the re-mains of vil-la-ges, al-tars, tem-ples, i-dols, cem-e-ter-ies, camps, for-ti-fi-ca-tions, and pleas-ure grounds, as well as pri-vate homes. With-in them were of-ten found, a-mongst oth-er rel-ics, the tools of work-men—knives, chis-els, ax-es—some of them of flint and some of cop-per. Be-side these tools for the workmen of that ear-ly day, the mounds con-tained a great quan-tity of car-v-ed work,—beads, pipes and brace-



MOUND RE-LICS.

lets, vas-es, pitch-ers, and ves-sels of the most beau-ti-ful work-man-ship.

The mounds were gen-er-al-ly built in a sit-u-a-tion af-ford-ing a view of the east. When, as was some-times the case, they were in-clos-ed in walls, the gate-ways were al-ways made to face the east. And the graves of these an-cient people were al-ways so sit-u-a-ted that their por-tals o-pen-ed to the ris-ing sun.

Like their ear-li-er un-known an-ces-tors, the Mound Build-ers al-so, have pass-ed a-way. The names of their might-y men; the ex-ploits and ad-ven-tures in which they engag-ed; the ver-y lan-guage they spoke, all a-like are bur-ied in the graves where their bones mould-er-ed to dust man-y cen-tu-ries a-go.

CHAPTER III.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS.

The or-i-gin of the In-dian tribes, the third dis-tinct race in-hab-it-ing North A-mer-i-ca, is re-ferr-ed by some to the Phœ-ni-cians and oth-er mar-i-time na-tions, whose ex-ten-sive voy-a-ges

must have borne them at va-ri-ous times, to the shores of ev-er-y land known and un-ex-plor-ed. Some im-ag-ine that the an-cient Hin-doo were the fa-thers of this dusk-y race, and in sup-port of their the-o-ry they point out that the Hin-doo i-dea that makes the sun a sym-bol of the Cre-a-tor of the Un-i-verse has its ex-act coun-ter-part in the Sun wor-ship of the In-dians. Oth-ers, a-gain, with e-q-u-al rea-son, look up-on the In-dians as the fast wan-ing rem-nant of the "lost tribes of Is-ra-el," who "took coun-sel to go forth in-to a far-ther coun-try where nev-er man-kind dwelt."

The ex-act place of the or-i-gin of the In-dian tribes will prob-a-bly nev-er be known; but the all but u-ni-ver-sal judg-ment of those who have made a care-ful stud-y of this sub-ject, is that their or-i-gin was in the sun-ny, smil-ing O-ri-ent, in some part of A-sia, from which they mi-gra-ted thousands of years a-go to the path-less wilds of A-mer-i-ca. For man-y cen-tu-ries the In-dians must have en-joy-ed a per-fect-ly un-dis-turb-ed oc-cu-pa-tion of the land. When the flow of em-i-gra-tion from Eu-rope and the East-ern World set in, the In-dian turn-ed his face to the West. He be-liev-ed that his fa-thers had come from the West, and he thought that in that bound-less realm be-yond

the Al-le-ghe-nies he would find his hap-py hunt-ing ground.

It would be im-pos-si-ble, in the lim-its of one brief vol-ume, to deal with the va-ri-ous tribes of In-dians who dwelt in North A-mer-i-ca, and in-deed, our bus-i-ness is main-ly with those spe-cial-ly as-so-ci-a-ted with the his-to-ry of Ill-in-ois.

The on-ly great branch-es of the In-dian race claim-ing our con-sid-er-a-tion in this stud-y of the his-to-ry of the great Prair-ie State are the Al-gon-quins and the Ir-o-quois. The Al-gon-quins es-pec-ial-ly, had spread far and wide o-ver the land. Car-tier found them on the banks of the St. Law-rence. When the Pu-ri-tans came they found them fish-ing and hunt-ing all a-long the At-lan-tic coast from Maine to the Car-o-li-nas. They were tribes of the Al-gon-quins whom the French mis-sion-a-ries first found on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi and the Ill-in-ois riv-ers.

The Ir-o-quois had a con-fed-er-a-cy con-sist-ing of five tribes—the Mo-hawks, the O-nei-das, the O-non-da-gas, the Ca-yu-gas, and the Sen-e-cas,



AN AL-GON-QUIN.

to which a sixth, the Tus-ca-ro-ras, was afterwards add-ed. Each tribe had a sep-a-rate po-lit-i-cal or-gan-i-za-tion in which the Sach-ems were the rul-ing spir-its. When for-eign tribes were to be con-sult-ed, or the gen-er-al in-ter-ests of the con-fed-er-a-cy re-quir-ed de-lib-er-a-tion, the Sach-ems of the sev-er-al tribes met in gen-er-al coun-cil.

The Ir-o-quois were, with-out doubt, em-i-nent-ly suc-cess-ful in war, but that suc-cess was due ver-y large-ly to lo-cal and oth-er ad-van-ta-ges. They were el-o-quent, full of shrewd wis-dom, far-see-ing and cour-a-geous. But the Al-gon-quin tribes of the same re-gion of coun-try were in all re-spects their e-quals. As time went on these great ri-val fac-tions be-came more and more u-ni-ted by what may be re-gard-ed as the strange ac-ci-dent of war. The Ir-o-quois, for ex-am-ple, would re-pair their con-stant loss-es in war by a-dopt-ing the wo-men and chil-dren cap-tured from their Al-gon-quin en-e-mies. This course of ac-tion had the most de-si-ra-ble re-sults. Old feuds and quar-rels were heal-ed, and the time came when a good-ly num-ber of the a-dopt-ed Al-gon-quins be-came prom-i-nent chiefs



AN IR-O-QUOIS.

of the Ir-o-quois. Of the tribes of the Al-gon-quins who for-mer-ly dwelt in Ill-in-ois, those bearing the name of the State were the most nu-mer-ous. The Ill-in-ois Con-fed-er-a-cy was com-pos-ed of five tribes—the Tam-a-ro-as, the Mich-i-gan-ies, the Kas-kas-ki-as, the Ca-ho-ki-as, and the Pe-o-ri-as.

CHAPTER IV.

IN-DIANS OF ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS. THE
FAM-I-LY.

Any his-to-ry of Ill-in-ois that fails to por-tray, how-ev-er brief-ly, the life and man-ners, the modes and hab-its of the In-dians who dwelt in this State be-fore the com-ing of the white man, would be man-i-fest-ly in-com-plete. We shall, there-fore, de-vote three or four short chap-ters to this sub-ject. We shall look in at the wig-wam and note the char-ac-ter-is-tics of the fam-i-ly life of the In-dian. We shall fol-low him in his hunt-ing ex-pe-ditions and his gen-er-al a-muse-ments. We shall note his tac-tics in war, his no-tions of re-li-gion, his strange meth-ods of burial, and his im-per-ish-a-ble hope that if he is faithful to his tribe and

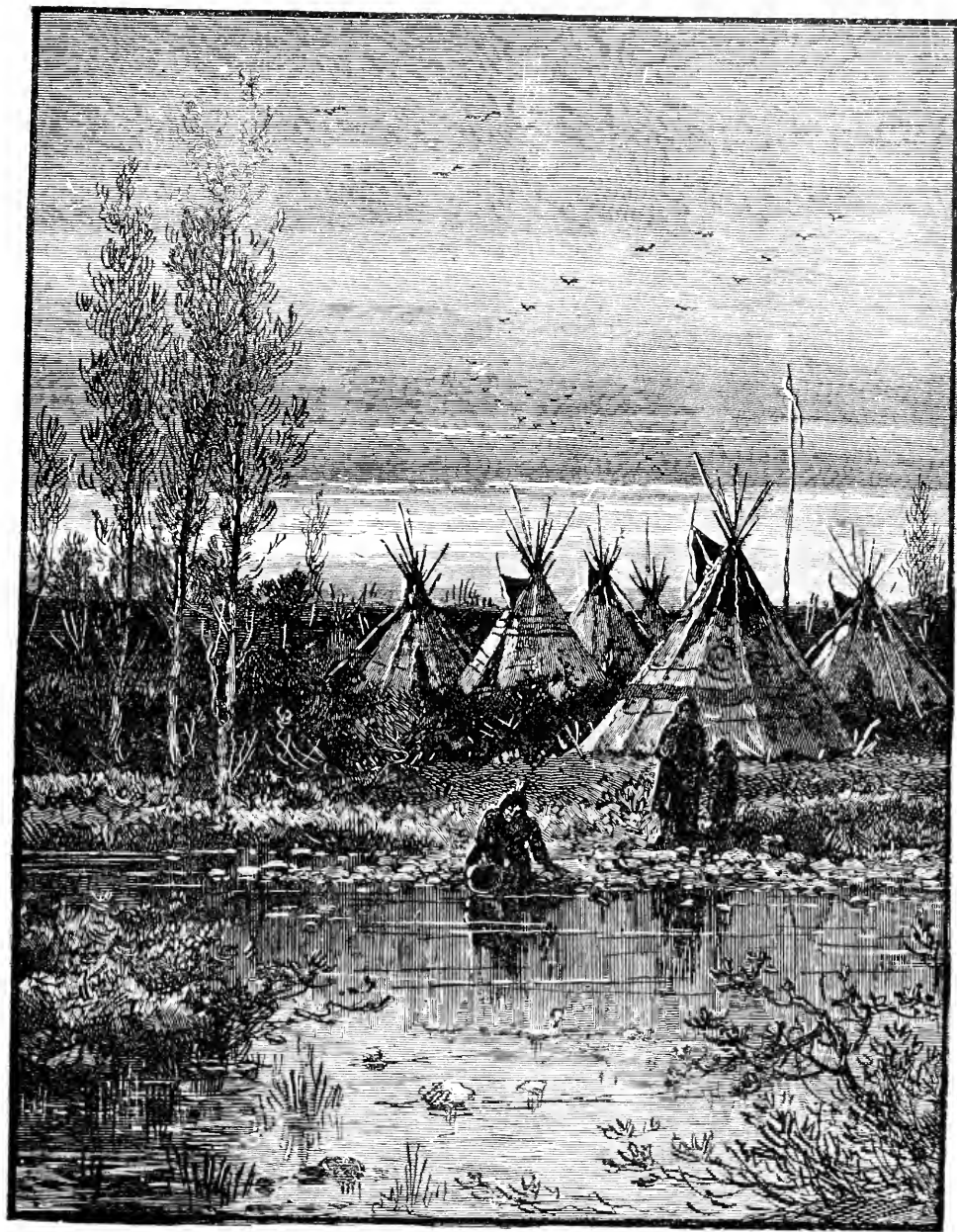
val-iant in war, he and his faith-ful dog will roam for-ev-er through the hap-py hunt-ing grounds.

The homes of the In-dian were of the sim-plest and rud-est char-ac-ter. They gen-er-al-ly se-lect-ed the bank of a stream, or a well-shad-ed spot near some ev-er run-n-ing spring, as the site of their hab-it-a-tion. There they pitch-ed their wig-wams, which were com-pos-ed, not of mar-ble or brown stone, or even of good, use-ful lum-ber, but of poles and the bark of trees. They were so construct-ed that they could eas-i-ly be ta-ken down. It is per-fect-ly won-der-ful with what speed a whole In-dian en-camp-ment could move a-way from a giv-en spot, leav-ing on-ly the faint-est trace of ev-er hav-ing oc-cu-pied it.

The homes of the great Sach-ems, or chiefs, were some-times of a more e-lab-o-rate char-ac-ter, be-ing con-struct-ed with great-er care, but of the same ma-te-ri-al.

The Ir-o-quois In-dians had some rough notions of com-mun-ism in those ear-ly days. They built not for one fam-i-ly, but man-y. These dwell-ings were call-ed the "Long House"—a wig-wam, oft-en 250 feet long and 30 feet wide, ca-pa-ble of hold-ing twen-ty to thir-ty fam-i-lies.

All that was ne-ces-sa-ry to an In-dian mar-ri-age was the con-sent of the part-ties con-cern-ed, and



IN-DIAN EN-CAMP-MENT ON THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PI.

of their pa-rents. Mar-ri-age was to a large extent a bar-gain, the hus-band giv-ing nu-mer-ous pres-ents to the fa-ther of the bride. The hus-band might at an-y time dis-solve this tie.

The In-dians had an in-sti-tu-tion known as *To-tem*, a sort of badge or em-blem of dis-tinc-tion of dif-fer-ent clans or tribes. This was, in-deed, a kind of caste; a strange, per-ni-cious sys-tem, which e-ven our la-test A-mer-i-can civ-il-i-za-tion seems to fos-ter ra-ther than de-destroy. These va-ri-ous clans had, for their signs or sur-names, some an-i-mal, bird, or oth-er ob-ject, such as the bear, the wolf, the ot-ter and the ea-gle. A Bear could not mar-ry a Bear, but might take a wife from the Wolf, or Ot-ter, or Ea-gle clan.

In these ear-ly days the red man was the war-ri-or, the he-ro, the hunts-man, and his squaw was his slave. The men did what pleas-ed them, and the wo-men did all the drudg-er-y.

The il-lus-tra-tion on the next page, of "The In-dian at Home," gives a ver-y good i-dea of the con-di-tion of af-fairs. The lords of cre-a-tion are read-y with spear and gun, with bow and ar-row, to go forth fish-ing or hunt-ing, as their fan-cy may sug-gest; or to bat-tle, if the war-whoop has sound-ed in their ears. The birch-bark ca-noe toss-es id-ly on the wa-ters, a-wait-ing their lord-ly will.

On the right, the boys of the fam-i-ly are prac-tis-ing with bow and ar-row, for they have long a-go been taught that an In-dian who is not a skill-ful



THE IN-DIAN AT HOME.

marks-man is a shame to his wig-wam, and a disgrace to his tribe. A-way to the left the wo-men of the wig-wam are wash-ing, hoe-ing corn, and with-in the wig-wams oth-ers are doubt-less cook-ing and keep-ing a-live the fires that were so pre-cious to the In-dian heart.

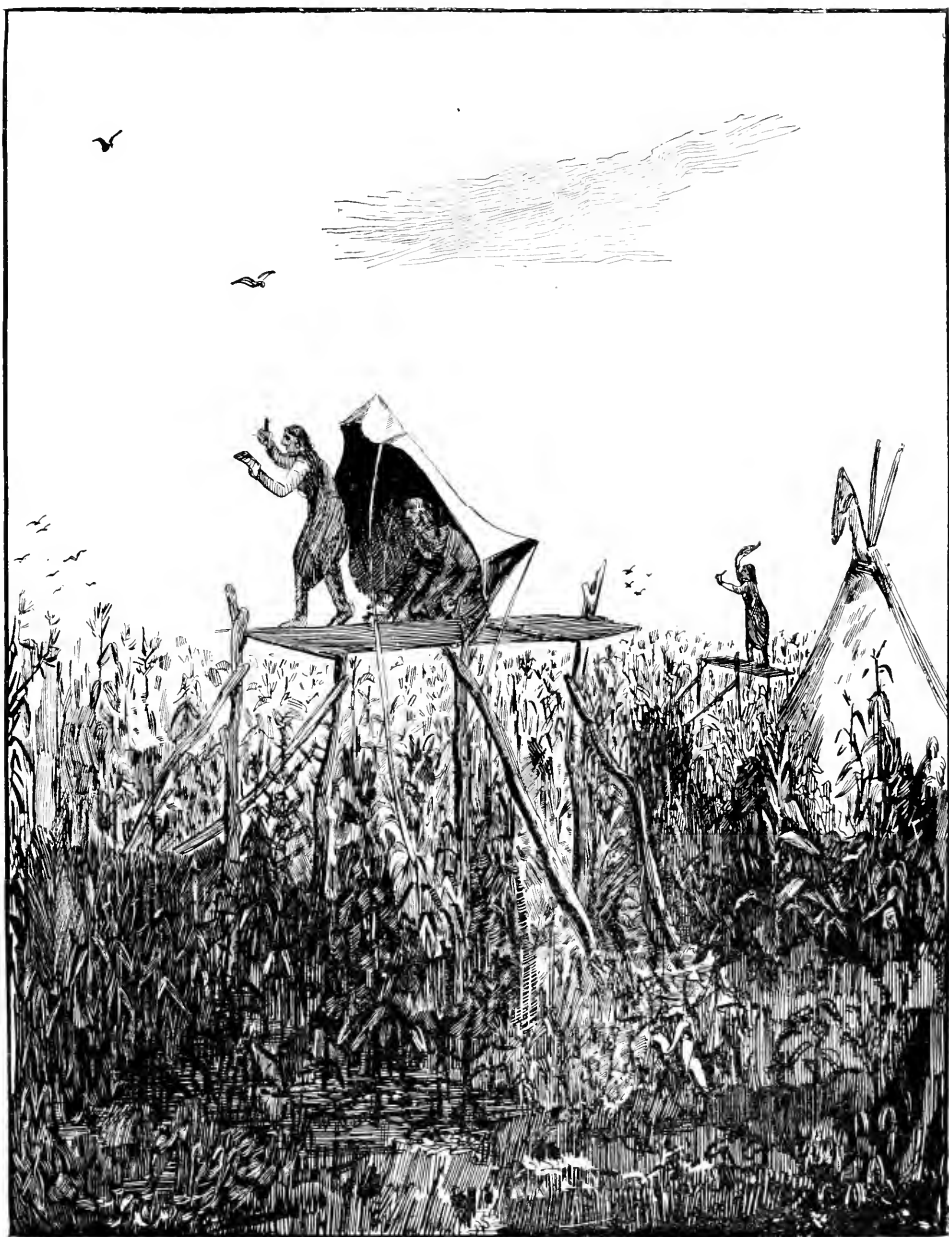
Al-most the en-tire la-bor and drudg-er-y fell upon the wo-men. They had to plant the crops, tend the crops, and gath-er the crops. The hard-est work the men could be per-suad-ed to do in

con-*ne*-*ct*-ion with the work of the field, was to spend the hours of day-light on a rude plat-form *e*-*rect*-ed on poles twelve or fif-teen feet high, rattling to-*geth*-er nois-y clap-pers to scare a-way the birds from the ri-pen-ing corn. So, for a few weeks just be-fore har-vest, he was con-tent to be a liv-ing “scare-crow,” or to speak more po-lite-ly, “a guard-i-an of the corn.”

Be-side the or-di-na-ry work of the wig-wam, and the cul-ti-va-tion of the crops, by these In-dian wo-men, they found time to make bas-kets, mats, and frill-ings and oth-er a-dorn-ments for their brave war-rrior lords.

There can be noth-ing but con-dem-na-tion for this shame-ful deg-ra-da-tion of wo-men a-mong the tribes of the ear-ly In-dians; and yet, af-ter a care-ful stud-y of the whole sub-ject, it is al-most cer-tain that the wo-men did not re-gard them-selves as in any great sense the vic-tims of op-pres-sion.

We must not for-get that to see her fa-ther, her bro-ther, her lov-er, her hus-band, or her son, a brave and daunt-less war-ri-or, was the high-est am-bi-tion of an In-dian wo-man. The dusk-y In-dian bride might be ver-y proud of the glass-bead or-na-ments her bride-groom gave her at the wed-ding feast, but her heart was stir-red to a loft-



GUARD-ING THE CORN.

i-er pride if she could count a good-ly num-ber of scalps dang-ling at her bride-groom's gir-dle. A cow-ard, a man who was "a-fraid," had no chance



HUS-BAND, WIFE AND DAUGH-TER.

with an In-dian maid-en. She would not work for him, or o-bey him. But a war-ri-or, a he-ro, she a-dor-ed, and would ac-count it a last-ing dis-grace to her-self, if she should al-low him to do any com-mon work.

The drudg-er-y of Min-ne-ha-ha was her choice, not her in-ev-it-a-ble fate. Hi-a-wa-tha must be a he-ro, with the ea-gle's feath-er in his plume, a ter-ror to his foes, the en-vy of his clans-men, and the glo-ry of his bride! And for him to plant corn, to hew wood, to car-ry wa-ter, was out of all ques-tion. He was too god-like, too he-ro-ic, for such me-ni-al tasks.

And it may be said that in man-y in-stan-ces this de-vot-ion on the part of the wo-men was not for-got-ten. Doubt-less there was of-ten much kind-ness, and e-ven love, if but lit-tle gen-tle-ness,

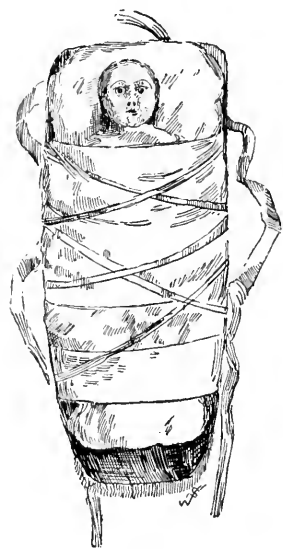
in these wig-wams that fringed the banks of the rivers of Northern and Southern and Western Illinois, centuries ago. Many pleasant stories in support of this belief are handed down from most trustworthy authorities. A story is told, for example, of an Indian who travelled forty miles to obtain some cranberries for his sick wife, who, in the agonies of fever, had asked for some of this fruit. On another occasion, when corn had grown scarce and famine was staring a family in the face, a warrior chief rode a hundred miles to get corn. And when he could only get half a bushel of corn in exchange for his horse, he sold the horse and walked home with the coveted prize. And the beautiful story of "Hi-a-wa-tha" owes its romance and charm to Hi-a-wa-tha's deathless love and devotion to Min-ne-ha-ha.

CHAPTER V.

INDIANS OF ILLINOIS—LIFE AND MANNERS—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

At first sight it would seem as if the Indian child was born to endurance and hardships. The little pap-poose has hardly made his ac-

quaint-ance with this strange world be-fore his first rough les-son is taught. Strap-ped to a flat piece of wood the lit-tle stran-ger takes his first



PAP-POOSE.

views of life in a pos-ture that one would think must be ver-y painful. He is sus-pend-ed from a tree, or se-cur-ed by straps to the back of his hard work-ing moth-er, just as the con-ven-i-ence of the hour sug-gests.

And yet we must not im-ag-ine that the In-dian mother was lack-ing in ten-der-ness for her young. The lit-tle red ba-by was, in the great ma-jor-i-ty of in-stan-c-es, as fond-ly nur-tur-ed, and as ten-der-ly cared for, as the pet-ted dar-lings of most of the civ-il-ized homes of to-day.

The lit-tle In-dian's hard board cra-dle was made com-fort-a-ble with soft dress-ed buck-skin, and fra-grant with the sweet-smell-ing grass-es, and rib-bons of the bark of the bass and the lin-den trees. The finest bead-work that the moth-er could make was none too fine for the a-dorn-ment of her ba-by's rude cra-dle. And deft-ly plait-ed reed splints, and cun-ning-ly plait-ed grass, made pic-tur-esque and beau-ti-ful the bed of the for-est child.

Once a day the smiling lit-tle pris-on-er was re-leas-ed from his bonds, and was al-low-ed to roll and play on a blank-et on the grass. This



TEACH-ING THE YOUNG I-DEA HOW TO SHOOT.

was the hap-pi-est hour of the day for moth-er and for child. But when the hour end-ed, and work had to be done, then board and ba-by were strap-

ped to-gether and hung up-on the near-est tree, or plac-ed in an e-rect po-si-tion in some con-ven-i-ent cor-ner of wig-wam or lodge. At two years of age this bond-age end-ed, and then, ac-cord-ing as the child was boy or girl, the real train-ing be-gan.

The girl was train-ed to drudg-er-y. When she was four or five years old she was taught to go for wood and car-ry wa-ter. When she was eight years of age she was in-struct-ed how to make up a pack, and car-ry a small one on her back. As she grew old-er she learn-ed to cut wood, to cul-ti-vate corn, to cook, to wash, and to dis-charge all the oth-er tasks that went to make up an In-dian wo-man's work.

The train-ing of the In-dian boy was whol-ly dif-fer-ent. He was to be a war-ri-or, and all his ear-ly ed-u-ca-tion was di-rect-ed to that end. He was ex-cus-ed from all work. He was al-low-ed to run wild. He learn-ed to run, to jump, to swim, to wres-tle. He be-came by these ex-er-ci-ses a young ath-lete, his phys-i-cal de-vel-op-ment was al-most per-fect.

He was scarce-ly ev-er pun-ish-ed for dis-o-be-di-ence. It was thought a most hu-mil-i-a-ting thing to lay the rod up-on the should-ers of one who was to be a val-iant war-ri-or.

At a ver-y ear-ly age boys were put to arch-

er-y prac-tice. At first with blunt-ed ar-r-ows, shoot-ing at a tar-get of hay bunch-ed at the top of a stick, or at the birds that swarm-ed a-bout the for-est and the prair-ie, or at a liv-ing squir-rel held up at a dis-tance.

When the boy was a-bout sev-en years old, his first se-ri-ous les-sons were taught. He was call-ed up-on to make an all-day's watch and fast on some high peak, when smear-ed with



THE YOUNG IN-DIAN RE-CEIVES THE BEN-E-DIC-TION OF HIS CHIEF.

white clay he call-ed up-on his se-lect-ed God or man-i-tou to make him a great and vic-to-ri-ous war-ri-or. These fasts and watch-ings in-creas-ed in num-ber and se-ver-i-ty for eight or nine years. When at last these years of pre-par-a-tion were end-ed, he re-ceived the ben-e-dic-tion of the chief of

his tribe, and thus start-ed forth up-on his ca-reer of man-hood.

But he had no loft-y dream of life. Su-per-sti-tion, sor-cer-y, cru-el-ty, a lax mo-ral-ity, and a re-morse-less spir-it of re-venge form-ed the chief stock in trade of the young In-dian as he start-ed forth in life.

CHAPTER VI.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—HUNT-ING.

Hunt-ing had for the In-dian a thou-sand name-less charms. It sup-plied his slug-gish mind with ar-dor and in-ter-est. It was some-thing to be done, with an end to be gained. It was oc-cu-pa-tion with a pur-pose. To be a dis-tin-guish-ed hunts-man, a man whose ar-row nev-er miss-ed its mark, was some-thing to be proud of.

The for-est, the prair-ies, and the wild glens, were made for him to hunt in. Hunt-ing not on-ly sup-plied the In-dian and his fam-i-ly with food, but it o-pen-ed the door to the on-ly kind of dis-tinc-tion he cared for, with per-haps the sin-gle ex-cep-tion of war.

Suc-cess in kill-ing large an-i-mals re-quir-ed great skill and long years of prac-tice; but the In-dian nev-er be-grudg-ed the time it re-quir-ed. He was dog-ged, pa-tient, and per-sist-ent. The maz-es of the for-est, and the dense tall grass of the prair-ies, were the best fields for the ex-er-cise of his skill. He would search with most mi-nute scru-ti-ny for the faint-est in-di-ca-tion of the foot-prints of birds or wild an-i-mals, and then would wait and watch, or fol-low the trail, as though his whole life de-pend-ed on the re-sult.

In a for-est coun-try he se-lect-ed for his places of am-bush, val-leys, be-cause they were most fre-quent-ly the re-sort of game. He would start forth at the first peep of day, and with stealth-y steps, wan-der a-long the side of the stream which threw his shad-ow from it, thus leav-ing his view un-ob-struct-ed in the op-po-site di-rec-tion.

The most eas-i-ly ta-ken of all the an-i-mals of the chase was the deer. Its nat-ur-al cu-ri-os-i-ty prompted it to stop in its flight and look back at the ap-proach-ing hunt-er. The an-te-lope of the Rock-ies of to-day has just the same cu-ri-os-i-ty. Hence, all the hunt-er has to do, is to run a large white flag up a flag-pole twelve or fif-teen feet high, and lie qui-et-ly at the foot of the pole till the in-ves-ti-ga-ting an-i-mal draws near.

The In-dians had a ra-ther in-gen-i-ous meth-od of tak-ing the deer on the small trib-u-ta-ries of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, by the use of the torch. For this pur-pose they con-struct-ed their bark ca-noes with a place in front for the re-cep-tion of a large flam-beau, whose light was pre-vent-ed from re-veal-ing the hunt-er by the in-ter-po-si-tion of a screen. As he de-scend-ed the nar-row streams, the deer see-ing on-ly the light, was at-tract-ed by it to the banks and eas-i-ly shot.

In fish-ing, the In-dian was e-qual-ly ex-pert. He had all the pa-tience the fish-er-man so much re-quires, and that keen-ness of sight and hear-ing that al-low-ed no sign of the near-ness of fish to es-cape him.



IN-DIAN FISH-ING.

But the grand-est field that Ill-in-ois of-fer-ed the In-dian hunt-er for the full ex-er-cise of his pow-ers, was the wide-spread-ing prair-ies with their count-less herds of buff-a-lo.

The buff-a-lo was con-fin-ed main-ly, in these days, to tem-per-ate lat-i-tudes, and was found in vast num-bers by ex-plor-ers all o-ver the grass-y plains of Ill-in-ois, In-di-an-a, South-ern Mich-i-gan and West-ern O-hi-o.



IN-DIANS HUNT-ING THE BUFF-A-LO.

This King of the prairie—now fast passing from the face of the earth—is a magnificent animal. With fiery eyes and shaggy mane, he proved a worthy foe-man for the Indians pluck and prowess. The bow and arrow, in the hands of the Indian, proved quite as fatal as the gun subsequently introduced by Europeans. Such was the force with which their arrows were propelled that the greater part of them were generally imbedded in the animal, and sometimes protruded from the opposite side.

One of the modes of killing the buffalo, practiced by the Illinois and other tribes of Indians, was to drive them head-long over the precipitous banks of the rivers. Buffalo Rock, a large promontory, rising fifty or sixty feet high, on the north side of the Illinois, six miles below Ottawa, is said to have derived its name from this practice. It was customary to select an active young man and disguise him in the skin of a buffalo, prepared for this purpose by preserving the ears, head and horns. Thus disguised, he took a position between a herd and a cliff of the river, while his companions, on the rear and each side, put the animals in motion, following the decoy, who, on reaching the precipice, disappeared in a crevice previously selected,

while the an-i-mals in front, press-ed by a mov-ing mass be-hind, were borne o-ver the brink and crush-ed to death on the rocks be-low.

The In-dians of-ten caught large num-bers of the buff-a-lo when the riv-ers were fro-zen, by driv-ing them on the ice. If the weight of the an-i-mal broke the ice, they were u-su-al-ly kill-ed in the wa-ter. But if the ice was too thick, they fell up-on its slip-per-y sur-face, and be-came help-less vic-tims to the hunt-er's ar-rows.



THE IN-DIAN AND HIS HORSE.

The In-dians love for his horse, ap-proach-ed ver-y near af-fec-tion of the ten-der-est sort. If he was sick he would watch o-ver him with all the ten-der-ness of a nurse, and if he died he would mourn for him many days. And why should he not? Had not his horse been his on-ly com-pan-ion through man-y drear-y days and through man-y dead-ly perils? What friend had ever been as faith-ful as his gal-lant steed!

CHAPTER VII.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—WAR-FARE.

The In-dian's most ex-alt-ed thought of glo-ry was suc-cess in war. There was no fame like the fame of the in-trep-id, suc-cess-ful war-ri-or. War was not a sci-ence with him; it was an en-thu-si-asm, an all ab-sorb-ing pas-sion. A know-ledge of the art of war was in his thought the high-est at-tain-ment pos-si-ble.

The a-ged chief, with paint-ed face and toss-ing feath-ers, re-joic-ed to talk o-ver and o-ver a-gain the sto-ry of his ear-ly ex-ploits, while the young In-dian list-en-ed, and hop-ed that for him there might be some such op-por-tu-ni-ties to man-i-fest his pith, his cour-age, and his prow-ess.

The war par-ties of the prair-ie tribes were most-ly vol-un-teers. The lead-er who was am-bi-tious e-nough to at-tempt to raise a war par-ty, must, first of all, have won great fame him-self, or he would get no fol-low-ing. His first ap-pear-ance was al-ways to the pa-tri-ot-ism and cour-age of his friends, and then he would play up-on the su-per-

sti-tion of the braves, as-sur-ing them that the Great Spir-it had made known to him in dreams, that their en-ter-prise would be suc-cess-ful, and that



THE WAR DANCE.

their war-path would be strewn with the dead bod-ies of their foes.

Paint-ing them-selves with ver-mill-ion to rep-re-sent blood, and bring-ing such troph-ies as they al-read-y had won, in the shape of scalps, they would com-mence their ter-ri-ble war dance. The war dance was a trag-e-dy in pan-to-mime. The

per-form-ance was an ob-ject les-son hint-ing at the va-ried in-ci-dents of a suc-cess-ful cam-paign. The braves en-ter-ing up-on the war-path; the post-ing of sen-ti-nels to a-void be-ing sur-pris-ed by the en-em-y; the ad-vance in-to the en-em-y's coun-try; the form-a-tion of am-bus-cades to strike the un-wa-ry foe; the strife and carn-age of bat-tle; the fall of the foe be-neath the ter-ri-ble crash of the war-club or tom-a-hawk; the re-treat of the en-em-y; the scalp-ing of the slain; the feast-ing of vul-tures on the dead bod-ies; the tri-umph-ant re-turn of the war-ri-ors; all was wrought out in won-der-ful mim-ic show.

After the war dance, these ex-cit-ed vol-un-teers start-ed on the war path. On the eve of their de-part-ure some ven-er-a-ble chief would ad-dress them with in-spir-ing words.

Here is the re-port of a speech that was ad-dress-ed by an old war-ri-or to a com-pa-ny of young braves who were go-ing forth to war:

“Now, my brothers,” he said, “de-part with con-fi-dence. Let your cour-age be might-y, your hearts big, your feet light, your eyes o-pen, your smell keen, your ears at-ten-tive, your skins proof a-gainst heat, cold wa-ter and fire. If the en-em-y should prove too pow-er-ful, re-mem-ber that your lives are pre-cious, and that one scalp lost by you,



WAR-RI-OR AD-DRESS-ING BRAVES AS THEY SET OUT ON THE WAR-PATH.

is one cause of shame brought up-on your na-tion. There-fore, if it be ne-ces-sa-ry, do not hes-i-tate to fly, and in that case be as wa-ry as the ser-pent, and con-ceal your-selves with the skill of the fox, or of the squir-rel. But al-though you run a-way, do not for-get that you are men, that you are true war-ri-ors, and that you must not fear the foe. Wait-a-while and your time will come. Then when your en-em-y is in your pow-er, and you can as-sail him with ad-van-tage, fling all your ar-rows at him, and when they are all ex-haust-ed, come to close quar-ters, strike, knock down, and let your tom-a-hawks be drunk with blood."

These In-dians gen-er-al-ly went forth in parties of a-bout for-ty, car-ry-ing with them as im-ple-ments of war-fare, bows and ar-rows, a war-club, an i-ron tom-a-hawk, a stone tom-a-hawk, and al-ways a well-sharp-en-ed scalp-ing knife. These scalp-ing knives were often of bone, but they were al-ways kept in good con-di-tion for the dis-charge of their del-i-cate tasks. Scalp-ing was the meth-od by which the war-ri-or made sure proof of his tri-umph. The num-ber of scalps hang-ing at his gir-dle was the meas-ure of his suc-cess.

Scalp-ing was an ex-ceed-ing-ly sim-ple process. The In-dian seiz-ed his en-em-y by the hair, and by a skill-ful use of his knife, cut and tore—

of-ten-times while his vic-tim was quiv-er-ing with life—from the top of his head, a large por-tion of the skin.

These scalps were pre-serv-ed with the ut-most care, for two rea-sons; first-ly, be-cause the con-quer-or did not want any of the mem-bers of a hos-tile tribe to lay claim to his vic-to-ries; and, sec-ond-ly, be-cause the red man be-liev-ed that the pos-ses-sion of any part of the bod-y of his foe, gave him end-less pow-er o-ver that foe, liv-ing or dead.



TAK-ING A SCALP!

In war-fare the In-dian's sub-tle-ty was no small se-cret of suc-cess. He had no no-tions of that sense of jus-tice that asks that a man shall meet his foe face to face. To shoot a man down from be-hind a tree was as praise-wor-thy as it was cun-ning.

War, in-deed, ra-ther than peace, was the In-dian's glo-ry and de-light; war, not con-duct-ed as in civ-il-i-zed times, but where in-di-vid-u-al skill,



SHOOT-ING FROM BE-HIND A TREE.

en-dur-ance, gal-lant-ry and cru-el-ty were prime re-qui-sites. For such a pur-pose as re-venge, the In-dian would make great sac-ri-fi-ces, and dis-play a pa-tience and per-se-ver-ance tru-ly he-ro-ic; but when the ex-cite-ment was o-ver, he sank back into a list-less, un-oc-cu-pi-ed, well-nigh use-less sav-age.

Dur-ing the in-ter-vals of his more ex-ci-ting pur-suits, the In-dian em-ploy-ed his time in dec-or-a-ting his per-son with all the beau-ty of paint and feath-ers, and in the man-u-fact-ure of his arms and ca-noes. These lat-ter were con-struct-ed of bark, and were so light that they could eas-i-ly be car-ried on the shoul-der from stream to stream. So be-tween hunt-ing, and fish-ing, and fight-ing, the In-dian's time was pret-ty well oc-cu-pied.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—RE-LI-GIOUS VIEWS—BUR-I-AL OF THE DEAD.

The red man of the prair-ies and the for-ests was nat-u-ral-ly re-li-gious. Per-haps some would say that he was on-ly su-per-sti-tious. But at this long dis-tance of time we can well afford to ex-er-cise a lit-tle char-i-ty.

We do not claim for the In-dian an ex-act and or-der-ly re-li-gious be-lief, but there were some rude el-e-ments of faith that call on-ly for our ad-mi-ra-tion.

It is pleas-ant to think that in the old dark days, be-fore the birth of cul-ture and ed-u-ca-tion, the In-dian with his “un-tu-tor-ed mind,” did “see God in clouds,” and did “hear him in the wind.” He be-liev-ed in the one Great Spirit, the might-y Man-i-tou, the Au-thor of Life, the Up-hold-er of the U-ni-verse. He be-liev-ed that this Great Spir-it was all-wise, all-pow-er-ful, and all-good. That he dwelt some-times in the sun, and some-times in the moon, and some-times in the sky. He heard his voice in the roll of the thun-der,

the crash of the cat-a-ract, and the an-gry waves of the sea. His God was a God of might, of ma-jes-ty, and of re-sist-less pow-er. But the e-vil that a-bound-ed in that ear-ly day, led him to con-clude that there must be a Bad Spir-it, sub-ject al-ways, of course, to the Great Good Spir-it. But the In-dian, who was nat-ur-al-ly fear-less, had lit-tle dread of the spir-it of e-vil; in his rude way he be-liev-ed that God was o-ver all, and that the good would sure-ly tri-umph o-ver the e-vil.

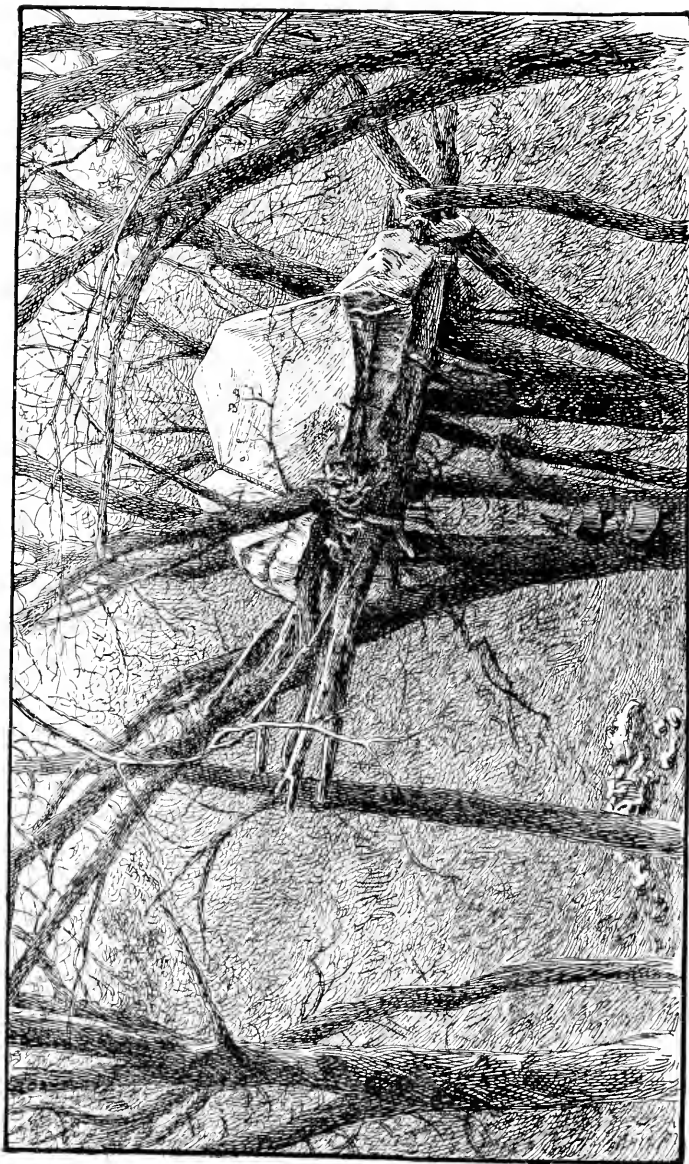
An-oth-er im-por-tant point in the sim-ple faith of the In-dian, was a firm and un-shak-en con-fi-dence in the doc-trine of a fu-ture life. Un-train-ed and un-taught as he was, e-ven he was too wise to think that death was the end of the think-ing be-ing. He be-liev-ed that be-yond the grave, be-yond the glo-ry of the West-ern hills there was a land more fair and beau-ti-ful than the prair-ies or the for-ests in their rich-est bloom, or the skies in their cloud-less splen-dor.

To what an ex-tent this faith in a fu-ture life laid hold up-on these ear-ly dwell-ers in Ill-in-ois may be gath-er-ed from their modes of bur-i-al. They did not con-tent them-selves with lay-ing the war-ri-or peace-ful-ly to rest, as though all was o-ver. But they laid with him in his grave, his war-club, his bow and ar-rows, his red paint; and some-

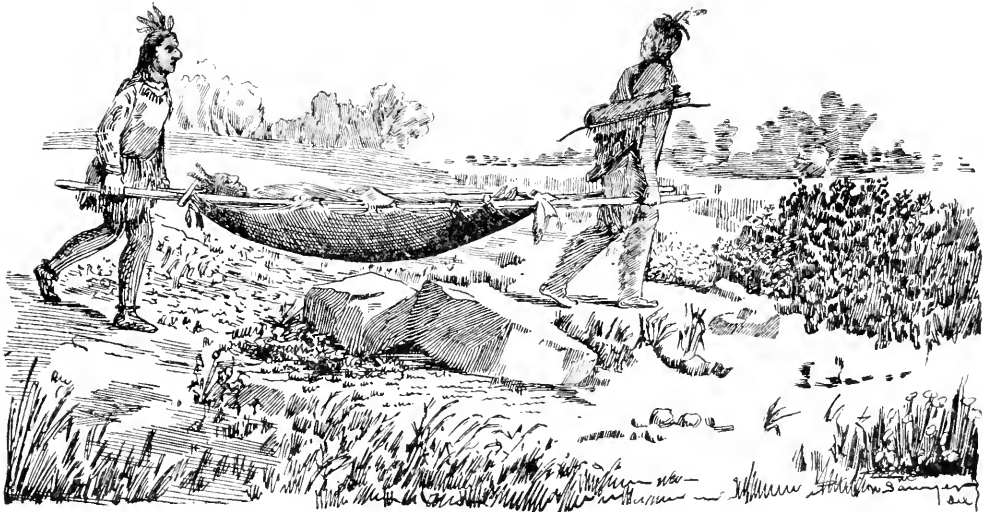
times his horse was slain up-on or near his grave, that he might be ready to mount and proceed to his place of rest in the land of glory beyond the setting sun. If a woman of the tribe died they placed near her a kettle, canoe paddles, and such articles of clothing as she might be supposed to require on her march to the happy fields of eternal rest.

It was a common thing amongst the forest tribes, to choose as suitable places for interment, elevated spots above the reach of floods. Very often the branches of a tree would be used for this purpose. In the illustration of an Indian grave on page 46, it will be seen that the warrior's horse has been killed, and his bones left to bleach near the exalted grave of his dead master. In a crotch of the tree the dead hero's drinking tins and other utensils are placed near, as though the dead man might want them again at some unexpected moment.

The bodies of the dead were wrapped in many kinds of grave clothes, and then placed, sometimes at full length and sometimes in a sitting posture, in the rudest kind of coffin, which was most fancifully painted in all sorts of glaring colors. Over all this the dead man's blanket was stretched, and fastened to the limbs of



the trees. As long as any of the bod-y re-main-ed these graves were guard-ed with jeal-ous care. There was a deep rev-er-ence in the mind of the In-dian, both for the dy-ing and the dead. If, in the course of some con-flict, a com-rade had been

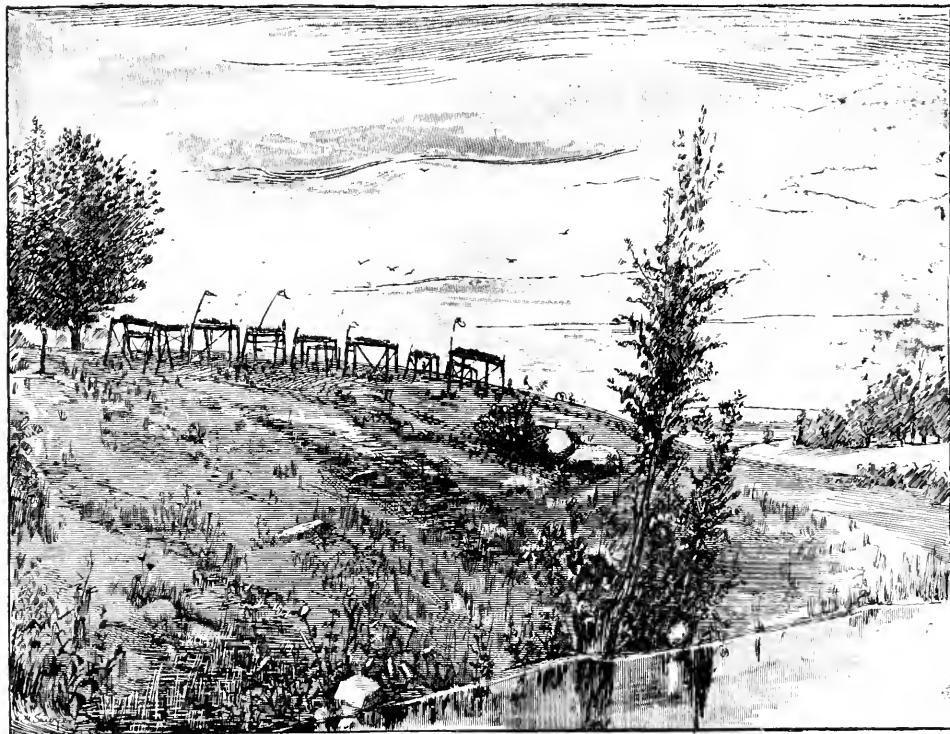


BEAR-ING THE WOUND-ED FROM THE BAT-TLE FIELD.

wound-ed, he was not left to die un-car-ed for and a-lone, but of-ten, at great risk, his com-pan-ions would make a rude lit-ter and bear him a-way from the field of bat-tle, that he might have his wounds dress-ed, or that at least he might die in peace.

It was cus-tom-a-ry, where there was a good-ly com-pany of In-dians liv-ing to-geth-er on the lev-el prair-ie lands, to se-lect some place by a riv-er

or stream, a lit-tle el-e-va-ted, if pos-si-ble, as the gen-er-al bur-i-al place of the tribe. These an-cient In-dian cem-e-ter-ies pre-sent-ed a ver-y re-mark-a-ble ap-pear-ance. One rea-son for the



AN IN-DIAN PRAIR-IE CEM-E-TERY.

el-e-va-tion of the bod-ies of the dead, was to keep them free from the on-slaught of wolves and oth-er pests of the prair-ie; and the huge flags that were plac-ed here and there o-ver bod-ies more re-cent-

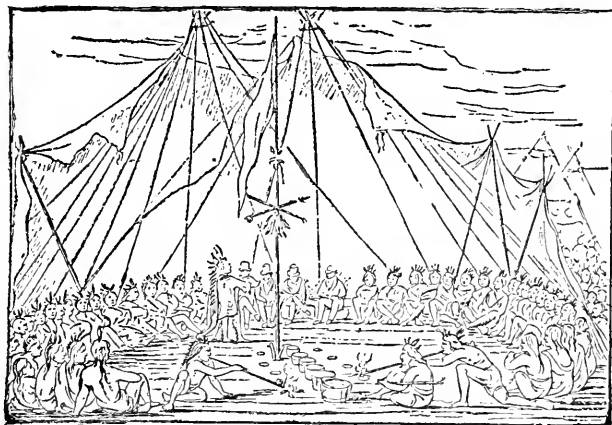
ly in-ter-red, were in-tend-ed to keep off wolves, vul-tures, and other birds of prey.

CHAPTER IX.

IN-DIANS IN ILL-IN-OIS—LIFE AND MAN-NERS—MIS-CEL-LA-NE-OUS.

While the In-dian of this ear-ly date was a man of mark-ed in-di-vid-u-al-i-ty, he had con-sid-er-a-ble re-spect for or-gan-ized ef-fort. To fol-low the chief of his tribe, to yield o-be-di-ence to the or-ders of coun-cils, was with him a point of hon-or. There was a deep rev-er-ence in the heart of the red man for the a-ged mem-bers of his tribe.

The Gen-er-al Coun-cils of the In-dians were com-pos-ed of the chiefs and old men of the tribe. When in coun-cil they



IN-DIANS IN COUN-CIL.

sat in cir-cles round the speak-er. It was not

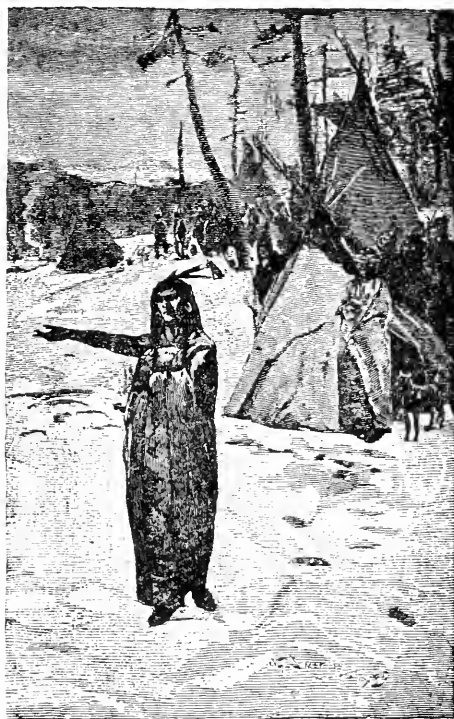
thought good man-ners to ap-plaud, so the grave list-en-ers sat in sol-emn si-lence, save now and then when an ap-prov-ing grunt would es-cape some un-guard-ed lips. Be-fore be-gin-nig bus-i-ness, a brave ap-pear-ed with the sa-cred pipe, and then an-oth-er brought fire to light it. Af-ter the pipe was ful-ly a-light, it was pre-sent-ed to the heav-ens, then to the earth, then to the Great Spir-it, and last-ly, to the chiefs pres-ent, each of whom took a whiff, and then the prop-er bus-i-ness of the Coun-cil be-gan.

The lan-guage of the In-dians con-sist-ed of on-ly a few words com-par-a-tive-ly speak-ing, and so, like the an-cient Jews, they had to make up in fig-ures of speech, what they lack-ed in lang-uage. Yet, if the speech-es that were de-liv-er-ed in these coun-cils could be col-lect-ed in a vol-ume, it would form one of the most in-ter-est-ing books in the whole lit-er-a-ture of el-o-quence. One of the most gift-ed of all the great In-dian or-a-tors was Pon-ti-ac, of whom we shall hear more la-ter on.

The so-cial in-stincts of the In-dians were de-vel-op-ed grad-u-al-ly as the years pass-ed on. Of a mo-rose and ta-ci-turn dis-po-si-tion, they be-came more gen-i-al and kind by in-ter-course with oth-er ra-ces of men, and in time they be-gan to man-i-fest a fine spir-it of cour-te-sy and hos-pi-tal-i-ty.

Strangers would occasionally visit their camps, and if once they were assured that these visits were not with hostile intent, they would put aside all suspicion and bid them welcome to their wigwams, their corn and their pipes of peace. And if, after some such pleasant interview, these strangers should return after their business was complete, they would be sure of a most cordial greeting. The chief of the tribe would go forth to the verge of the camping ground, and with the right hand stretched forth would speak the words of welcome: "I-tah! I-tah! Good be with you! Come and eat!"

But woe betide the man who should betray this hospitality, as was often done; it would only be a question of time, and that not long, before his scalp would hang at the belt of some brave of the insulted tribe.



I-TAH! I-TAH!—"GOOD BE WITH YOU."

Some-times de-tail-ed re-cords of these oc-ca-sions were kept, in crude In-dian fash-ion, es-pe-cial-ly if the trav-el-ing par-ty was a large and im-por-tant one.

A care-ful ex-am-i-na-tion of the ac-com-pa-ny-ing spe-ci-men of In-dian re-cords, will serve to show, at least, that these dusk-y chil-dren of the for-est and the prair-ie were not with-out con-sid-er-a-ble bus-i-ness tact, and a keen sense of or-der. There were no news-pa-pers in those times to an-nounce, that on a cer-tain day, a com-pa-ny of white men with In-dian guides, had been en-ter-tain-ed at Ca-ho-kia, or De-ca-tur, or at Sa-van-na, a fa-vor-ite place of meet-ing, just un-der the shad-ow of In-dian Rock.

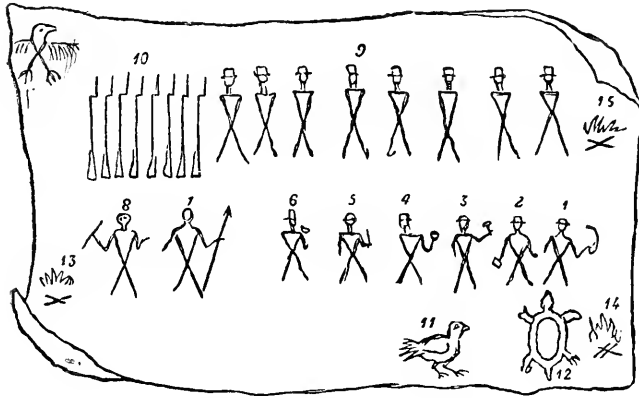
Such en-ter-tain-ments were fre-quent, and the re-cords of them were care-ful-ly kept.

The par-tic-u-lar ac-count here pre-sent-ed, shows that on this oc-ca-sion, a com-pa-ny of four-teen whites and two In-dians had spent the night at some giv-en point, and had far-ed well.

The com-pa-ny in this case was ev-i-dent-ly a sur-vey-ing par-ty with a mil-i-tary es-cort.

No. 1 rep-re-sents, some-what rude-ly, the com-mand-ing of-fi-cer, sword in hand; No. 2, the sec-re-ta-ry with his book; No. 3, the ge-ol-o-gist with his ham-mer; Nos. 7 and 8, are In-dian guides,

as is in-di-ca-ted by their not wear-ing hats; Nos. 9 and 10, in-di-cate the white sol-diers with their



SPE-CI-MEN OF IN-DIAN RE-CORDS.

arms; Nos. 11 and 12, show that, amongst oth-er things, they had en-joy-ed the lux-u-ries of prair-ie chicken and real turtle at their feast;

Nos. 13, 14, 15, show that three camp fires had burn-ed in hon-or of the par-ty; and the in-cli-na-tion of the poles in the hands of the guides, show that the guests had pur-sued their jour-ney in an east-er-ly di-rec-tion.

The bit-ter-ness and cru-el vin-dic-tive-ness of which the red man was some-times ca-pa-ble, was seen in his va-ri-ous modes of re-venge. In fair, o-pen fight, he was for the most part dis-pos-ed to fight fair-ly; but when it came to be a ques-tion of ven-geance, his fu-ry knew no bounds. The poi-son-ed ar-row was one of the fa-vor-ite weap-ons of his un-bound-ed ha-tred.

A ven-er-a-ble In-dian ar-row ma-ker thus ex-

plains how the In-dians used to poi-son their ar-rows:—"First, we take a bloat-ed yel-low rat-tle-snake in Au-gust, and tie him with a fork-ed stick to a stake. Then we an-noy and tease him till he is in a great rage. We then take the liv-er of some an-i-mal—a deer or an an-te-lope. The snake will strike at it a-gain and a-gain with its poi-son-ous fangs, and very soon the liv-er will turn jet black. Ar-rows are then brought, and their i-ron heads are push-ed in-to the black liv-er up to the shaft. They are left stick-ing there for an hour, and then they are dried in the sun, and so pow-er-ful is the poi-son, that if these ar-rows but touch raw flesh, death is speed-y and cer-tain. But the In-dians have long since giv-en up the cru-el use of these dead-ly weap-ons.

In con-clud-ing this sketch of In-dian life and man-ners, we must not o-mit a no-tice, how-ev-er brief, of the a-muse-ments in which es-pe-cial-ly the young-er In-dians in-dulg-ed. The pas-times of the In-dian were sim-ple, lim-it-ed, and crude. Yet there was no lack of real en-joy-ment, for if the games were few, the play-ers en-ter-ed in-to such plea-sure as they gave, with the great-est zest. Mr. Ell-i-ott, a great au-thor-i-ty on In-dian life and man-ners, says: "An In-dian youth, al-though in-tense-ly in-ter-est-ed in a game from the be-gin-



HOW IN-DIANS POI-SON-ED THEIR AR-R-OWS.

ning to the end, ap-peared to be just as well pleas-ed, and laugh-ed just as heart-i-ly, when beat-en as when vic-to-ri-ous. If the game was a gamb-ling one, as were most of their games of skill, he would un-con-cern-ed-ly part with his last piece of cloth-ing, laugh-ing as cheer-ful-ly as when he be-gan the game."

The boys had their ball games, both "shin-ny" and foot-ball; they flew kites made of fish bladders; spun their rude tee-to-tums; play-ed at tag, hide and seek, blind man's buff, hunt the slip-per, and all such mer-ry de-lights. The girls had their dolls, and though the boys and girls did not of-ten play to-geth-er, they might some-times be seen en-gag-ed in those time-hon-or-ed oc-cu-pa-tions of keep-ing house or wig-wam, and mak-ing pies of the rich, yield-ing mud of the prair-ies.

With the men of the In-dian tribes, one of the fa-vor-ite games of the win-ter was play-ing ball or "shin-ny" on the ice. And al-though the game was some-times of a most ex-ci-ting char-ac-ter, it was gen-er-al-ly con-duct-ed with great good hu-mor. They had been brought up to re-gard a game as a thing to be en-joy-ed for its own sake. Fight-ing was one thing, play-ing was an-oth-er.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST WHITE MEN IN ILL-IN-OIS — MAR-QUETTE AND
JOL-I-ET.

Chief a-mongst the first white men who trod the prair-ies and sail-ed the riv-ers of Ill-in-ois, and made a def-i-nite mark on the his-to-ry of this hap-py and pros-per-ous re-gion, were Jac-ques Mar-quette, and Lou-is Jol-i-et. The for-mer was a Jes-u-it mis-sion-a-ry, born in France in 1637; the lat-ter was an ex-plor-er who was born of French pa-rents, at Que-bec, in Can-a-da, in the year 1645.

Ear-ly in the Sev-en-teenth Cen-tu-ry, a-bout the time the “May-flow-er” sail-ed out from South-amp-ton wa-ter, a num-ber of de-vout French mis-sion-a-ries of the or-der of the So-ci-e-ty of Je-sus—an or-der form-ed by a Span-ish Knight of the Six-teenth Cen-tu-ry, named Ig-na-tius Loy-o-la—made up their minds to come to A-mer-i-ca and tell the sto-ry of the life and teach-ings of Je-sus Christ to the In-dians.

These earn-est, ho-ly men, made their head-quar-ters at Mon-tre-al, in Can-a-da, where there

were a Cath-e-dral and a very large school, not so much de-sign-ed for the gen-er-al ed-u-ca-tion of the peo-ple, as for the train-ing of young men for the priest-hood, and for this great work of bear-ing the gos-pel to those who dwelt on the prair-ies, and on the banks of the riv-ers and the great lakes. One of their num-ber, Fa-ther Al-lou-ez, is said to have jour-ney-ed hun-dreds of miles far-ther west than any pre-vi-ous ex-plor-er. In the year 1667, he first heard of the Ill-in-ois In-dians, whom he great-ly de-sir-ed to vis-it. Fa-ther Al-lou-ez had a great am-bi-tion to do some-thing to-wards u-ni-ting all the In-dian tribes of the West. To this end he thought it would be a good thing to hold a con-fer-ence of the chiefs of the va-ri-ous tribes, at Green Bay. In car-ry-ing out this plan, he sent Nich-o-las Per-rot to the site on which the city of Chi-ca-go now stands, to in-vite the chiefs of an In-dian tribe liv-ing in that neigh-bor-hood to join the coun-cil of peace. Per-rot reach-ed the banks of the Chi-ca-go riv-er in the au-tumn of 1670, and was prob-a-bly the first white man who set his foot up-on the prair-ie soil of Ill-in-ois. What came of this pro-pos-ed con-fer-ence we are not told.

Mar-quette and Jol-i-et set out on their long jour-ney of ex-plo-ra-tion, in which they were ver-y

anx-ious to vis-it the tribes of In-dians all a-long the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, and to dis-cov-er any oth-er tribes who might be dwell-ing in-land. They left Mack-in-aw in May, 1673. Coast-ing a-long the north-ern shore of Lake Mich-i-gan they en-ter-ed Green Bay, and pass-ed thence up the Fox riv-er and Lake Win-ne-ba-go till they came to a vil-lage of the Mas-cou-tins and Mi-am-is. At this vil-lage they found a good-ly num-ber of In-dians, and what glad-den-ed them most of all was to see a cross plant-ed in the midst of the place, de-co-ra-ted with some of the most val-ued of In-dian im-ple-ments. They were in-tro-duc-ed with great cer-e-mo-ny to a coun-cil of chiefs, when Mar-quette, point-ing to Jol-i-et, said: "My friend is an en-voy from France, to dis-cov-er new coun-tries, and I am an am-bass-a-dor from God, to en-light-en them with the truths of the Gos-pel." The re-quest for guides was cor-di-al-ly re-spond-ed to, and they jour-ney-ed on their way in peace. Ar-riv-ing at the port-age, they car-ri-ed their canoes and scan-ty bag-gage to the Wis-con-sin riv-er, a dis-tance of three miles. At this point their guides re-fus-ed to go any far-ther. They did not want to see the great river, for they said there were de-mons dwell-ing in the riv-er, whose aw-ful voi-ces could be heard for man-y miles. Faint of

heart, they made the most of the dangers of the journey. If they were not destroyed by the demons, they said they were almost sure to be drowned in the river, and if the demons and the river spared them, it would only be that they might fall victims to the hostile dwellers on the shore.

But Marquette and Joliet were not faint of heart; they were not to be moved thus easily from that great purpose to which they had consecrated their lives. They thanked the guides for all their kindness and help, and for all the information they had given them, and then prayed with them and said "fare-well."



"Fare-well! Fare-well!" The guides answered, "I-tah! I-tah! Good be with you!" And as the last guide passed from sight, he was seen to stretch forth his right hand as if in the attitude of benediction.

Marquette and Joliet now turned their faces to the West. They floated gently down the Wisconsin river, passing shores and islands of rare and matchless beauty.

At last, came in part, the realization of their

dreams. It was a love-ly sum-mer morn-ing, the 17th of June, 1673, when, with joy great-er than words could tell, they push-ed their frail barks out on the floods of the lord-ly Mis-sis-sip-pi, the "Great Fa-ther of Wa-ters," as the In-dian lov-ed in la-ter days to call it. For days they pass-ed a con-stant suc-ces-sion of head-lands, sep-a-ra-ted by love-ly val-leys cov-er-ed with ver-dure, and rich with flow-ers of ev-er-y hue and form. By-and-by, great herds of buff-a-lo were seen sweep-ing like clouds a-long the prair-ie, while now and then some tim-id mem-ber of the herd would stand a mo-ment and gaze, as if in de-fi-ance, at the strang-ers who dar-ed to come so near their grass-y realm.

As they float-ed on, a hun-dred miles and more from the mouth of the Wis-con-sin riv-er, this ques-tion forc-ed it-self, a-gain and a-gain, up-on the at-ten-tion of Jol-i-et:

"Where does this riv-er rise, and in-to what does it flow?"

"We will find that out," said Mar-quette, "but we must not for-get that our mis-sion is to seek the souls of the red man of the for-est."

As their barks float-ed on the rest-less wa-ters, they watch-ed, with ea-ger eyes, for the faint-est trace of the In-dian.

All things come to those who watch and wait,

and to these ear-ly voy-a-gers there came at last, what they so much long-ed to see, the sign of human foot-prints on the east-ern shore of the Mis-sis-sip-pi.

Care-ful-ly se-cur-ing their ca-noes by fast-en-ing them to trees, they as-cend-ed the bank of the riv-er, and fol-low-ed, with joy-ful hearts, the long sought In-dian trail. Af-ter walk-ing a-bout six miles they came to an In-dian vil-lage, from which four In-dians came out to meet them, whose friend-ly dis-po-si-tion was seen in the fact that they brought with them their pipes of peace, their cal-u-mets, bril-liant with col-or-ed plumes. As Mar-quette and his com-pan-ion drew near, the In-dians sa-luted them in the mem-o-ra-ble words—

“We are Ill-in-ois! We are men!”

As soon as Mar-quette told them of the mis-sion of him-self and his friend, a most hearty in-vi-ta-tion was of-fer-ed to en-ter their vil-lage and a-bide with them for a time. Here they were pre-sent-ed to the chief of the tribe, who gave them a true In-dian wel-come.

“How beau-ti-ful the sun shines, oh! French-men,” he said, “when you come to vis-it us.”

Af-ter Mar-quette—whom the In-dians call-ed “Black-gown,” hav-ing ref-er-ence to his priest-ly at-tire—had more full-y ex-plain-ed to the chief

the re-li-gious mo-tives that had led him to seek out these Sons of the For-est, the chief fur-ther re-plied.

“I thank the Black-gown, and thee, al-so,” point-ing to Jol-i-et, “for com-ing to vis-it us. Nev-er has the earth been so beau-ti-ful, and nev-er has the sun shone so bright-ly as to-day. Nev-er has our riv-er been so calm and so free from rocks. Your ca-noes have swept them a-way. Nev-er has our to-bac-co had so fine a fla-vor, nor our corn so prom-is-ing as we see it to-day, now that you are with us!

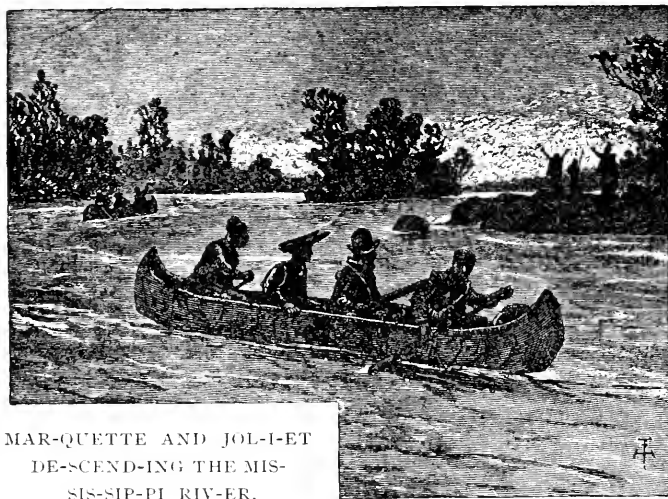
“Here is my son,” con-tin-ued the chief, giv-ing to the French-men a lit-tle boy who had been cap-tur-ed from an-oth-er tribe, and one the chief had a-dopt-ed. “I give him to you that you may know our hearts. I im-plore you to take pit-y up-on me and all my fol-low-ers. You know the Great Spir-it who has made us all! Ask him to give life, and come and dwell a-mong us that we may know him.”

The lit-tle boy was then pre-sent-ed to Mar-quette, and at the same time a rich-ly or-na-ment-ed peace pipe, the chief add-ing—

“This is the sa-cred cal-u-met. Where-ev-er you bear it, it sig-ni-fies peace. All our tribes will re-spect it, and it will pro-tect you from harm!”

The next day a grand ban-quet was giv-en, con-sist-ing for the most part, of hom-i-ny, fish, buff-a-lo, and dog's-meat. The French-men greatly en-joy-ed the re-past, though they ate ver-y spar-ing-ly of the dog's-meat, which some-what as-ton-ish-ed the In-dians, who re-gard-ed dog's-meat as a ver-y great del-i-ca-cy.

Af-ter stay-ing with this hos-pit-a-ble tribe for a sea-son, Mar-quette and Jol-i-et re-solv-ed to



MAR-QUETTE AND JOL-I-ET
DE-SCEND-ING THE MIS-
SIS-SIP-PI RIV-ER.

fol-low the course of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. A num-ber of the In-dians ac-com-pa-ni-ed them to the riv-er bank, and bid-ding them a most kindly fare-well, wav-ed

their arms till the boats float-ed be-yond the reach of their vi-sion.

Mar-quette and Jol-i-et, and their com-pa-nions, de-sce-nd-ed the Mis-sis-sip-pi till they were per-fect-ly sat-is-fied that the Great Fa-ther of Wa-



INDIANS PLAYING BALL ON THE ICE.

ters emp-tied its floods in-to the Gulf of Mex-i-co. They then re-turn-ed, and hav-ing reach-ed the 39th de-gree of north lat-i-tude, en-ter-ed the Ill-in-ois riv-er, and fol-low-ed it to its source.

The tribe of Ill-in-ois In-dians who dwelt on the banks of this riv-er urg-ed Mar-quette to stay and live with them. But ex-press-ing a de-sire to con-tin-ue his trav-els, he was con-duct-ed by one of the chiefs and sev-er-al war-ri-ors of the tribe, to Chic-a-go, in the neigh-bor-hood of which, he remain-ed to preach the Gos-pel to the Mi-am-is, whilst his com-pan-ions re-turn-ed to Que-bec to an-nounce their won-der-ful dis-cov-er-ies.

Two years la-ter, Mar-quette en-ter-ed the lit-tle riv-er in the State of Mich-i-gan, call-ed by his name. On its ver-dant bank he e-rect-ed a rude al-tar, said mass af-ter the or-der of the Cath-o-lic church; and be-ing left a-lone at his own re-quest, he kneel-ed down by the side of the al-tar, and of-fer-ing to the Might-i-est sol-emn thanks-giv-ing for all the guid-ing and pro-TECT-ing care of Heav-en, he com-mend-ed his soul to Al-might-y God, and fell in-to the long dream-less sleep that knows no wak-ing. And as one has beau-ti-ful-ly said — “The light breeze from the lake sung his re-qui-em, and the Al-gon-quin na-tion be-came his mourn-ers.”

Jol-i-et nev-er re-turn-ed West, but de-vo-ted him-self to trade. He died in 1700.

CHAPTER XI.

LA SALLE AND TON-TI.

Re-ne Rob-ert Cav-al-ier de La Salle, was born in Rou-en, France, on the 22d of No-vem-ber, 1643. His ear-ly days were spent un-der the ver-y shad-ow of that great Cath-o-lic Cath-e-dral of Rou-en, that has been for cen-tu-ries the won-der and ad-mi-ra-tion of the world.

In his youth, La Salle was fond of stud-y, in fact books were his chief com-pan-ions on to his ear-ly man-hood. He was train-ed for the priest-hood, and was in-tend-ed for the or-der of the Jes-u-it Mis-sion-a-ries. Af-ter his course of ed-u-ca-tion was com-ple-ted he sail-ed for Can-a-da, where he was ex-pect-ed to de-vote him-self whol-ly to mis-sion-a-ry work. He soon be-came a great fa-vor-ite with the In-dian tribes. And such was his skill and pow-er of ap-pli-ca-tion, that he soon be-came thor-ough-ly mas-ter of sev-en dif-fer-ent In-dian di-a-lects.

But he was of a rest-less mood. Nev-er long con-tent with what he had done, he was al-ways look-ing out to some-thing be-yond. Dur-ing the win-ter of 1668-9, he had en-ter-tain-ed a band of Sen-e-ca In-dians at his fort on the St. Law-ence, and they fill-ed him full of en-thu-si-asm con-cern-ing the O-hi-o riv-er, which took its rise in their ter-ri-to-ry, and ac-cord-ing to their word, flow-ed west-ward a dis-tance of nine month's trav-el by ca-noe.

In the sum-mer of 1669, he, with four-teen men, set out to ex-plore the O-hi-o riv-er. Af-ter much hard, earn-est work, they found that the O-hi-o emp-tied it-self in-to a great riv-er that flow-ed on and on, un-til it was lost in the far South.

The four-teen men who start-ed out with him on this en-ter-prise, be-came dis-heart-en-ed, and de-sert-ed their lead-er. He was now home-less, friend-less, a wan-der-er a-mid the wilds, with-out food or shel-ter. He liv-ed on roots and such ve-ge-ta-bles as the for-est yield-ed. He trust-ed much, and not in vain, to the kind-ness of the In-dians. He went from tribe to tribe, learn-ing their dif-fer-ent lan-gua-ges, and stud-y-ing their va-ri-ous modes of life. He lov-ed the tribes of the red man, and did all he could to make his life no-ble, and prös-per-ous, and glad.

The fame Mar-quette had won, led La Salle, af-ter man-y re-mark-a-ble and suc-cess-ful ex-ploits, to de-ter-mine on ex-plor-ing the in-te-ri-or of Ill-in-ois, and then to push his way to the un-dis-cov-er-ed glo-ries of the Mis-sis-sip-pi Val-ley. He left a small fort he had e-rect-ed on the St. Jo-seph riv-er, in charge of ten men, and de-scend-ed the Ill-in-ois as far as Lake Pe-o-ria, where he met large num-bers of In-dians, who, anx-ious to ob-tain ax-es and fire-arms, were quite read-y to of-fer him the pipe of peace, and to prom-ise a friend-ly al-li-ance. He was glad of this heart-y and cor-di-al re-cep-tion. And when La Salle spoke of set-tling French col-o-nies in this re-gion, the joy of the In-dians knew no bounds. They were read-y to do ev-er-y-thing for him he de-sir-ed. They went so far as to of-fer to give him a safe and trust-y es-cort to the Mis-sis-sip-pi.

But La Salle's means were all ex-haust-ed. He had man-ag-ed to build a fort, which he call-ed Creve Cœur La Salle, and he had al-so es-tab-lish-ed a trad-ing post at this spot. The on-ly chance he saw of pur-su-ing his ex-plo-ra-tions suc-cess-ful-ly, was for him to go to Can-a-da and get the need-ful aid. Ac-cord-ing-ly, leav-ing Ton-ti, in charge of the fort and the trad-ing post, La Salle set out on foot for Can-a-da.

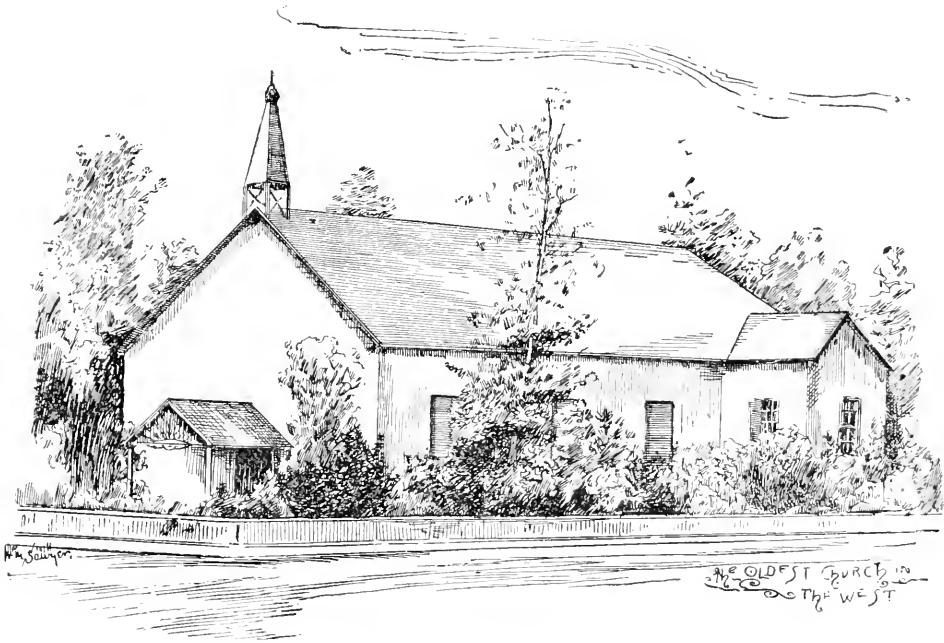
During the absence of this young but bold discoverer, a large body of warriors of the Ir-o-quois came down and excited the foes of La Salle to hostilities. They made Ton-ti abandon the erection of a new fort, on Rock Fort, a cliff on the Ill-in-ois river, and drove him to seek refuge amongst the Mi-am-is.

After a time La Salle returned with men and money. He found Ton-ti and his companions. The whole company left Chi-ca-go, which was then a trading post, on the 4th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1682, and having a large barge which had been built on the Ill-in-ois river, ready for their embarkation, they descended the Mis-sis-sip-pi river to the sea. La Salle was enchanted. The resources of that great fertile valley surpassed his fondest dreams. His ex-ul-tation knew no bounds. He planted the arms of France on the shores of the Gulf of Mex-i-co. He claimed the country for France and for his King, Louis XIV., and called the new-found region, Lou-i-si-an-a.

On ascending the river after this triumphant success, a part of the company stayed behind at Kas-kas-ki-a and Ca-ho-ki-a, and the region round about. This settlement was soon sought out by French Can-a-di-ans, and others. There are remnants of those early times lingering still

at Ca-ho-ki-a. The house oc-cu-pi-ed by Dr. Ill-in-ski is be-liev-ed to date back to this time; the old Court house still re-mains, and the church at Ca-ho-ki-a is claim-ed to be the old-est church in West-ern A-mer-i-ca.

La Salle re-turn-ed to his be-lov-ed France by way of Can-a-da, and hav-ing giv-en a most glow-



CHURCH AT CA-HO-KI-A.

ing ac-count of all he had seen and done, to his roy-al mas-ter, Lou-is XIV., he was en-trust-ed with the com-mand of an-oth-er ex-pe-di-tion, fit-

ted out by the King him-self, for the pur-pose of ef-fect-ing the set-tle-ment of Lou-i-si-an-a.

This last ex-pe-di-tion of the he-ro-ic La Salle was full of dis-as-ter. His fleet in-ad-vert-ant-ly pass-ed the mouth of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, his com-pan-ions would not re-turn, and he was, there-fore, forc-ed to land. Here he found-ed a set-tle-ment, but dis-as-ter fol-low-ed dis-as-ter; the col-o-ny dwin-dled down from 250 to 50 per-sons. La Salle re-solv-ed to leave twen-ty men at the fort and go once more to Can-a-da for sup-plies. While on his way to the land that had nev-er fail-ed him, he was foul-ly mur-der-ed by two of his own men, on the 17th of March, 1687. So per-ish-ed, by the hands of as-sas-sins, one of the no-blest men who ev-er breath-ed the free, fresh air of Ill-in-ois. The life that had been, from first to last, a grand sac-ri-fice to the wel-fare of his fel-low men, was at last crown-ed with mar-tyr-dom.

CHAPTER XII.

SET-TLE-MENTS IN ILL-IN-OIS—MIS-SION LIFE AND WORK.

It has been re-peat-ed-ly as-sert-ed that La Salle had noth-ing what-ev-er to do with the ear-ly set-tle-ment of Ill-in-ois. And yet, the state-ment

made in the last chapter, to the effect that a large number of the followers of La Salle, who journeyed with him to the Gulf of Mexico, determined to end their wanderings, and settle down to a quiet, peaceful life, rests on reasonable evidence. These wanderers from France and Canada, chose the mouth of the Kas-kas-kia river as the place of their abode. Hence, Kas-kas-kia became the first settlement in Illinois, and about the same period, others of the same company settled in Cahokia, near to what is now known as Belleville, in St. Clair county.

It is evident that these settlements were made with the hearty good will of La Salle, for in the spring of 1682, large numbers of people flocked to this region from Canada, urged, as they said, by La Salle, to make a permanent home in what he was pleased to call, "This Paradise of Illinois."

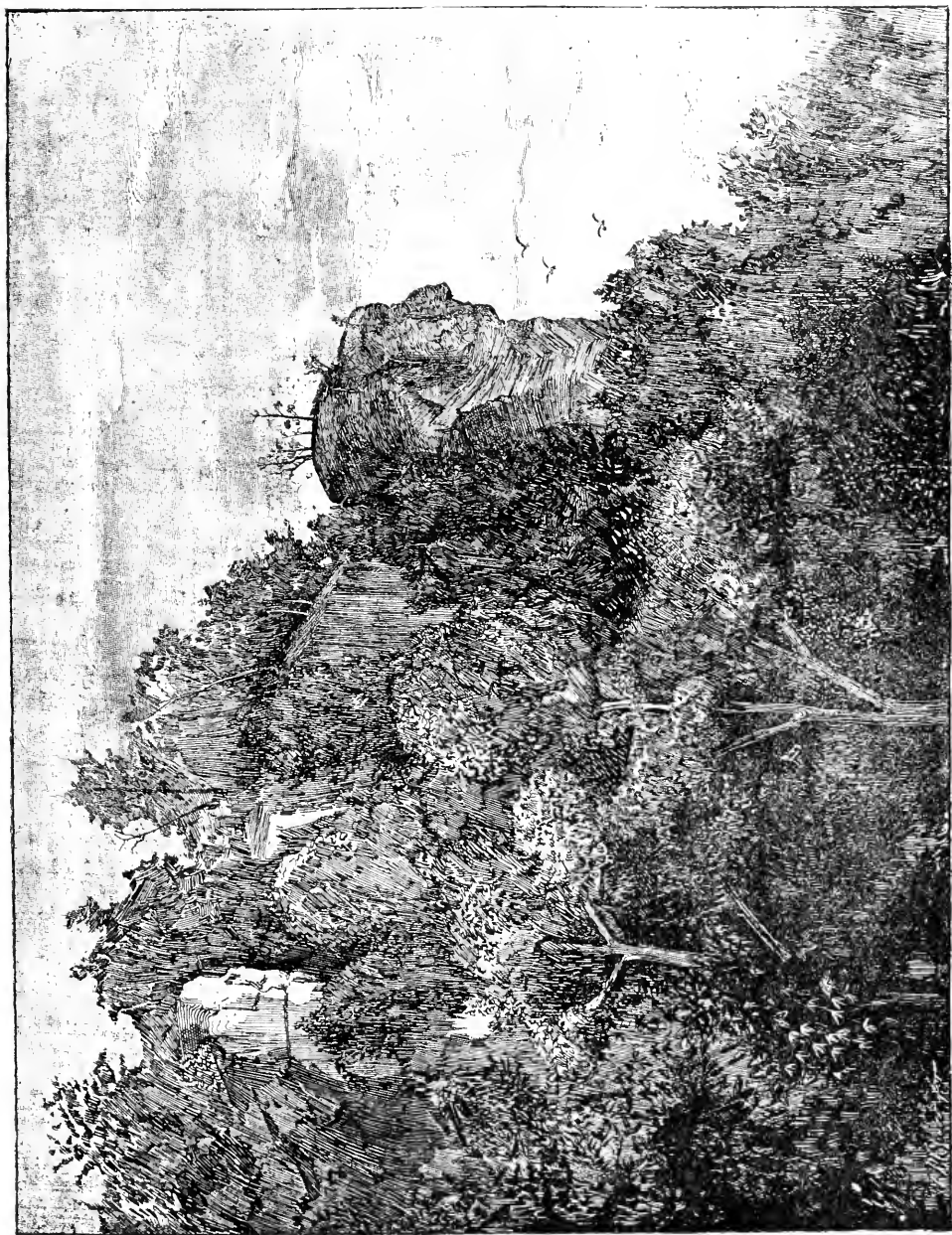
Missions were soon established, and, indeed, it was not very long before the Jesuit clergy had the joy of seeing churches rising here and there on the prairies, and all in good time, Kas-kas-kia was able to boast of a Cathedral.

The beginning of the Eighteenth Century saw a brighter day dawning for Illinois. The solitary place was to be made glad with growing

pop-u-la-tions, and the prair-ie and the for-est were to be made as beau-ti-ful as the Gar-den of the Lord.

How much this great State, with its hap-py homes, its won-der-ful ed-u-ca-tion-al ad-van-ta-ges, its church-es by thou-sands, rear-ing their spires all o-ver the prair-ies, and by the banks of the riv-ers, and in the crowd-ed cit-ies; owe to the mis-sion-a-ries of that ear-ly day, will nev-er be ful-ly known. But this is cer-tain, if all oth-er ar-gu-ments fail, the his-to-ry of Ill-in-ois is an in-fal-li-ble ar-gu-ment in fa-vor of mis-sion-a-ry ef-fort. Much as we owe to ex-plor-ers and dis-cov-er-ers, we are not the less in-debt-ed to those de-vout men, who, in the midst of per-ils and dan-gers with-out num-ber, sought to en-rich the lives of the peo-ple with the bless-ings of the Gos-pel of Peace. How-ever much we may hon-or the names of Jol-i-et and La Salle, not the less wor-thy of hon-or are the names of Mar-quette, Bin-ne-teau, Ma-rest, Mer-met, and Char-le-voix.

It would, in-deed, be ver-y de-light-ful if we could look up-on the scenes that made glad and beau-ti-ful those ear-ly days. A mis-sion would be es-tab-lished, and all a-bout the place of pray-er the men would be bus-y at their tasks, grind-ing corn, cut-ting lum-ber, and rear-ing hum-ble homes.



IN-DIAN HEAD ROCK, SA-YAN-NA, ILL-IN-OIS.

The fields were work-ed in com-mon. The people rais-ed all they ate, ex-cept what fell be-fore their ar-rows and their guns, or the fish they caught in the streams, and creeks, and riv-ers. It was a sim-ple, hap-py life, the peo-ple liv-ed—prob-a-bly quite as hap-py as the lives of thou-sands to-day who, if they en-joy the lux-u-ry of civ-i-li-za-tion, have al-so to bear its bur-dens.

Mr. Ban-croft thus de-scribes the life of those days, re-fer-ring to Fa-ther Mer-met, and the mis-sion at Kas-kas-ki-a :

“The gen-tle vir-tues and fer-vid el-o-quence of Mer-met made him the soul of the mis-sion at Kas-kas-ki-a. At ear-ly dawn his pu-pils came to church, dress-ed neat-ly and mod-est-ly, each in a deer-skin, or robe, sewn to-gether from sev-er-al skins. Af-ter re-ceiv-ing les-sons, they chant-ed can-ti-cles; mass was then said in the pres-ence of all the Chris-tians, the French and the con-verts—the wo-men on one side and the men on the oth-er. From pray-ers and in-struc-tions, the mis-sion-a-ries pro-ceed-ed to vis-it the sick, and ad-min-is-ter med-i-cine, and their skill as phy-si-cians did more than all the rest to win con-fi-dence. In the af-ter-noon the cat-e-chism was taught in the pres-ence of the young and the old, where ev-er-y-one, with-out dis-tinc-tion of rank or age, an-swer-ed the

ques-tions of the mis-sion-a-ry. At e-ven-ing, all would as-sem-ble at the chap-el for in-struc-tion, for pray-er, and to chant the hymns of the church. On Sun-days, and on fes-ti-vals e-ven, af-ter ves-pers, a hom-i-ly was pro-nounc-ed. At the close of day, par-ties would meet in hous-es to re-cite the chap-lets in al-ter-nate choirs, and sing psalms till late at night."

In the year 1711, Fa-ther Ma-rest, who had charge of the mis-sion at Ca-ho-ki-a, and who had been suc-cess-ful in con-vert-ing man-y In-dians to the faith, was urg-ed by an In-dian chief liv-ing near Lake Pe-o-ri-a, to go o-ver to Pe-o-ri-a and preach the Gos-pel to his be-night-ed breth-ren. Af-ter pon-der-ing o-ver the mat-ter for a long time, Fa-ther Ma-rest made up his mind to go and do what he could at Pe-o-ri-a. His own ac-count of this jour-ney of 150 miles, serves to show that mis-sion-a-ry life in Ill-in-ois 170 years a-go, was in-deed, "life in earn-est."

Writ-ing of these times, and of this par-tic-u-lar jour-ney to Pe-o-ri-a, on which he en-ter-ed on Good Fri-day, 1711, the good Fa-ther says:

"Our life is pass-ed in roam-ing through thick woods; in clam-ber-ing o-ver hills; in pad-dling the ca-noe a-cross lakes and riv-ers to catch a poor sav-age who flies from us, and whom we can tame

neith-er by teach-ings, nor by ca-ress-es. I de-part-ed for Pe-o-ria, hav-ing noth-ing a-bout me but my cru-ci-fix and my brev-i-a-ry, be-ing ac-com-pa-ni-ed by on-ly three sav-a-ges, who might a-ban-don me from lev-i-ty, or from fear of en-em-ies might fly. The hor-ror of these vast, un-in-hab-it-ed for-est re-gions, where in twelve days not a soul was met, al-most took a-way my cour-age. Here was a jour-ney where there was no vil-lage, no bridge, no fer-ry, no boat, no house, no beat-en path, and o-ver bound-less prair-ies, in-ter-sect-ed by riv-u-lets and riv-ers; through for-ests and thick-ets, fill-ed with bri-ars and thorns; through marsh-es, where we plung-ed, some-times up to the gir-dle. At night, re-pose was sought on the grass, or on leaves, ex-pos-ed to wind and rain, hap-py if by the side of some riv-u-let, of which a draught might quench thirst. A meal was pre-par-ed from such game as was kill-ed, or by roast-ing ears of corn."

Fa-ther Ma-rest's mis-sion was quite a suc-cess. Pe-o-ri-a soon be-came a tra-ding post, and in 1732 a beau-ti-ful church was built.

So in these ear-ly days Chris-tian cul-ture and civ-il-i-za-tion went to-geth-er, hand in hand, lay-ing, with much la-bor and man-y pray-ers, the foun-da-tions of fu-ture great-ness.

CHAPTER XIII.

ILL-IN-OIS UN-DER FRENCH RULE.

For a long time all the set-tle-ments of Ill-in-ois, and those that were found-ed la-ter, on the low-er Mis-sis-sip-pi, by D'Ib-er-ville, and his broth-er Bein-ville, had been sep-a-rate de-pen-den-cies of Can-a-da. They were af-ter-wards u-ni-ted as one prov-ince, un-der the name of Lou-i-si-an-a, hav-ing Mo-bile for its cap-i-tal. In 1711 Di-rou d'Ar-ta-quette be-came its first Gov-ern-or Gen-er-al.

It was the firm pur-pose of the French to set-tle and cul-ti-vate this whole re-gion, and al-so to for-ti-fy it as strong-ly as pos-si-ble a-gainst the Eng-lish, whose pow-er and in-flu-ence in the East dail-y in-creas-ed.

The next year, 1712, Lou-is XIV., King of France, ap-point-ed Sieur An-tho-ny Cro-zat—a man of great wealth and a-bil-i-ty, who had been for many years an of-fi-cer of the roy-al house-hold—to the task of ex-pand-ing the com-merce of this new and prom-is-ing prov-ince, in the in-ter-ests of France.

It was be-liev-ed that there was bound-less wealth hid-den be-neath the sur-face of the fruit-ful soil. Mines of gold and sil-ver, of pearls and pre-cious stones. Of all these treas-ures Cro-zat was to take charge. He was per-mit-ted to search, o-pen, and dig all mines, veins, min-er-als, through-out the whole coun-try, and he was to trans-port the pro-ceeds to an-y port in France.

The vast re-gion thus farm-ed out, ex-tend-ed from Can-a-da on the north, to the Gulf on the south; and from the Al-le-ghan-ies on the east, to the Rock-y Moun-tains and the Bay of Mat-a-gor-da on the west.

Cro-zat be-gan his work with great hope and en-er-gy. He was join-ed in his ef-forts by La-Motte Cad-i-lac, but the search for gold and sil-ver and pre-cious stones was all in vain. Large quan-ti-ties of lead and iron ore were found in Mis-sou-ri, but the search for gold in Lou-i-si-an-a was not a suc-cess. The fur trade was in the hands of the Eng-lish. The mis-sion of Cro-zat was a great fail-ure. In-stead of mak-ing a large a-mount of mon-ey, he lost heav-i-ly. Af-ter five years of this un-suc-cess-ful strug-gle, he beg-ged the King to per-mit him to re-turn to France, which he did in 1717.

Cro-zat's grand mis-take lay in search-ing for

gold and sil-ver ore, in-stead of turn-ing at-ten-tion to the land. The gold was not to be found fath-oms deep be-neath the ground, but in the great rich-ness of the soil. For the sow-er who went forth to sow, there was a gold-en har-vest; for the min-er, fail-ure and loss.

The white pop-u-la-tion of the coun-try had slow-ly in-creas-ed. There were prob-a-bly 380 white peo-ple a-long the banks of the Low-er Mis-sis-sip-pi, and 320 in Ill-in-ois.

In 1715, the ven-er-a-ble Lou-is XIV., King of France, died, leav-ing to his grand-son, Lou-is XV.,—who was then on-ly a boy of five years' old—the throne of France and a debt a-moun-ting to the great sum of o-ver six-ty mill-ion dol-lars.

This boy King was of course, much too young to take any part in rul-ing a great na-tion, so the Duke of Or-leans was ap-point-ed Re-gent, and it was his du-ty to take charge of public af-fairs till the young King came of age. The French peo-ple were in great trou-ble. They had heav-y debts, and knew not where to get the mon-ey to pay them. Ev-er-y-thing was in sad con-fu-sion, and the Duke of Or-leans found his en-er-gies tax-ed to the ut-ter-most to pay the in-ter-est due on the e-nor-mous na-tion-al debt. A spir-it of reck-less spec-u-la-tion seiz-ed the French peo-ple, and their thoughts were

turn-ed once more to the dis-tant col-o-ny on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. The be-lief that a-way in Lou-i-si-an-a there were mines of sil-ver and gold and pre-cious stones, was still held by man-y, and there were oth-ers who sought to strength-en these dreams with the hope that they might pro-fit by the de-lu-sion.

In the midst of all this fi-nan-cial trou-ble came what is call-ed, "The Mis-sis-sip-pi Scheme," an e-vent that prov-ed to be the great-est fraud of the Eight-eenth Cen-tu-ry.

In 1716, John Law, by birth a Scotch-man, by trade a gam-bler and bank-er, and by in-stinct a scoun-drel, came to France with a great scheme that was to put an end to all mon-ey trou-bles. By per-mis-sion of the Duke of Or-leans he es-tablish-ed a bank, whose wealth con-sist-ed, not in mon-ey, but in debts. John Law said that France had such bound-less wealth in her col-o-nies, that her prom-ise to pay was just as good as mon-ey, as it was on-ly a ques-tion of time when all her ports would be crowd-ed with ships bring-ing cost-ly treas-ure. This bank soon be-came the great na-tion-al bank of France, and peo-ple grew wild in their de-sire to in-vest their good mon-ey on the strength of these shal-low prom-ises.

A trad-ing com-pa-ny was form-ed, bear-ing the

name of the West-ern Com-pa-ny with 200,000 shares at a-bout \$100 a share. The com-mer-cial su-prem-a-cy of the whole re-gion of Lou-i-si-a-na, which Lou-is XIV., had grant-ed Cro-zat, and which, as we have seen, he sur-ren-der-ed af-ter the most la-men-t-a-ble fail-ure, was grant-ed to this new com-pa-ny.

De-sign-ing, sel-fish, and most un-scrü-pu-lous men, re-viv-ed the sto-ries a-bout the gold and silver mines on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. And to as-sure the un-be-liev-ing, men were brought who ex-hib-it-ed spe-ci-mens of gold and silver ore, and sol-emn-ly swore that these spe-ci-mens had been dug from the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. All sorts of prom-is-es were made. France was to grow rich in a day. Fool-ish peo-ple from all parts of Eu-rope, smit-ten with this wild, fi-nan-cial fe-ver, flock-ed to France. Build-ings were en-larg-ed, hotels were built to ac-com-mo-date the grow-ing crowds. It is said that in less'than a month 300,000 peo-ple came to Par-is, anx-ious to in-vest all they had, in the won-der-ful "Mis-sis-sip-pi scheme." In Lon-don, the rage was at fever heat. Desks and ta-bles were to be seen on all the side-walks, and the good sense of that gen-er-al-ly staid and qui-et me-trop-o-lis gave place to the wild-est and the most fool-ish spec-u-la-tion.

Lords, la-dies, priests, trades-men, all sorts of people, were in mad haste to in-vest what-ev-er mon-ey they could lay their hands on. E-ven beg-gars and pro-fes-sion-al thieves gath-er-ed to-geth-er their ill-got-ten wealth, and in-vest-ed in the fa-mous "Mis-sis-sip-pi scheme." Ves-sels bound for A-mer-i-ca were la-den with em-i-grants, and large and varied car-goes. To use a com-mon phrase, the whole val-ley of the Mis-sis-sip-pi was un-der-go-ing a won-der-ful "boom!"

But the "won-der-ful scheme" prov-ed a "bubble." At the first de-mand for mon-ey the whole af-fair ut-ter-ly fail-ed. And in-stead of grow-ing rich in a day, vast for-tunes were lost in an hour, and man-y thou-sands who had trust-ed ev-er-y-thing to the gen-i-us and in-teg-ri-ty of John Law, were com-plete-ly beg-gar-ed.

Be-fore the crash came, how-ev-er, John Law had built, at a fab-u-lous cost, Fort Chart-res, a lit-tle north of Kas-kas-ki-a. Law had won great re-nown. Some thought him a saint, oth-ers, the great-est fi-nan-cial gen-i-us the world had ev-er seen. He was call-ed "the Sav-ior of France," "the De-liv-er-er of his Age;" but when the bubble burst, the peo-ple who had call-ed him a saint were read-y to stone him to death. For a time he sought ref-uge with the Duke of Or-leans. But

he bare-ly es-cap-ed be-ing torn to pie-ces by the wrong-ed and in-sult-ed peo-ple. He made his way to Ven-ice, where he died in the most ab-ject pov-er-ty in the year 1729.

It is an ill wind that blows no good. This great fraud aided in the set-ting up of Ill-in-ois. By 1730, it is es-ti-ma-ted that there were not less than 5,000 white set-tlers be-tween the Kas-kas-ki-a and the Ill-in-ois riv-ers. The Jes-u-it cler-gy had built a col-lege at Kas-kas-ki-a, and a mon-as-ter-y was found-ed at the same place. A large com-pa-ny of monks and nuns came o-ver with the view of find-ing a per-ma-nent home in the West.

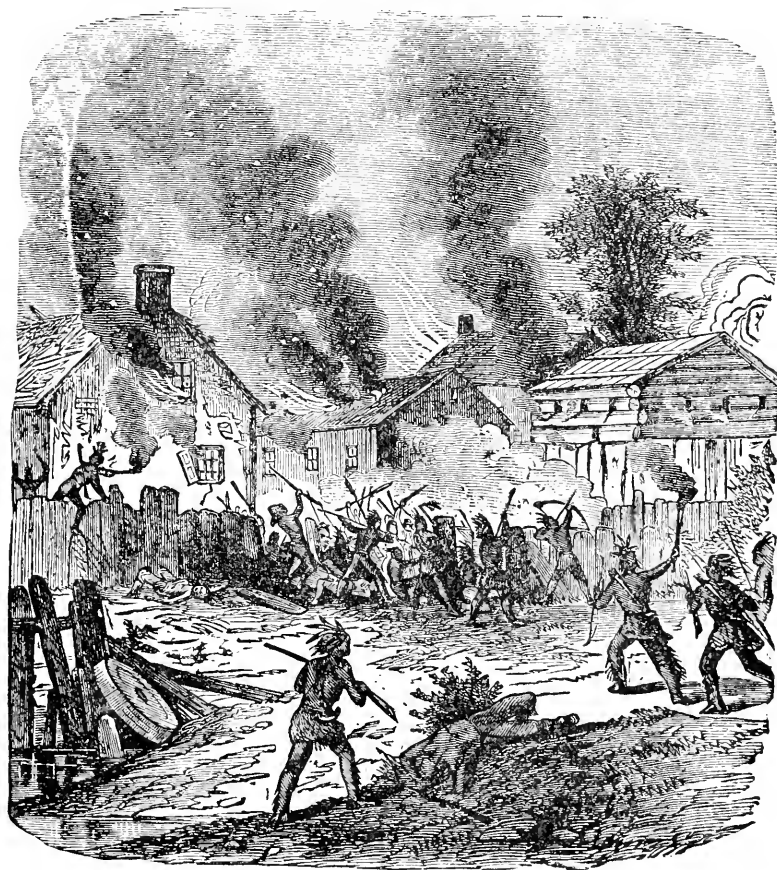
In the year 1726, the ven-er-a-ble Bien-ville, who had been call-ed the "Fa-ther of Lou-i-si-an-a," and who had great-ly en-dear-ed him-self, both to the In-dians and to the set-tlers, was suc-ceed-ed by M. Per-rier, who be-came Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois and a large por-tion of the val-ley. Not long af-ter he had set-tled, the new Gov-ern-or man-i-fest-ed a strong feel-ing of dis-like to-ward the In-dians, and to the Chic-a-saw tribe in par-tic-u-lar. Bien-ville had no-ted, what he thought, were to-kens of treach-er-y on the part of the In-dians to-ward the French, but he had al-ways man-ag-ed through-out his long ad-min-is-tra-tion, to keep on friend-ly terms with them, though he

nev-er great-ly trust-ed them. He watch-ed them with a cau-tious eye.

M. Per-rier was lack-ing in that gen-tle-ness and pru-dence that mark-ed the whole ca-reer of the pop-u-lar Bien-ville. Where Bien-ville made friends, Per-rier made bit-ter, sub-tle, se-cret foes. The In-dians were grow-ing more and more jeal-ous of the Whites, who were dail-y in-creas-ing in num-ber, wealth and in-flu-ence. M. Per-rier was un-wise in tak-ing se-ri-ous no-tice of lit-tle faults, and fre-quent-ly ver-y harsh and se-vere pun-ish-ment was giv-en for the most triv-i-al of-fen-ses. This at-tempt to rule the In-dian with a rod of i-ron was a very grave mis-take, as e-vents soon prov-ed.

Grow-ing rest-less under these man-y forms of pet-ty tyr-an-ny, the Chic-a-saws and Natch-ez In-dians, with oth-er tribes, re-solv-ed on de-stroy-ing the French. A-gents were sent to the Ill-in-ois In-dians to in-duce them to join the con-spir-a-cy. The at-tack was to be made in dif-fer-ent pla-ces at the same time. The plot was well laid, and if no hind-rance had come in the way of its be-ing car-ried out, a most fright-ful slaught-er would have fol-low-ed. Scarce-ly a white man would have been left in the whole val-ley to tell the aw-ful sto-ry.

The In-dians had ar-rang-ed that each tribe was to have a bun-dle of sticks, and that be-gin-nig with the next new moon, a stick was to be



THE TER-RI-BLE MAS-SA-CRE OF 1729.

thrown a-way at the end of each day, and when all the sticks were thrown a-way then the aw-ful trag-e-dy was to be-gin. Eith-er by ac-ci-dent, or

by treach-er-y, the bun-dle re-ceiv-ed by the Natch-ez tribe had few-er sticks than the oth-ers, and hence they struck the first blow. At day-dawn of the fa-tal 28th of No-vem-ber, 1729, the Great Chief, with a band of cho-sen war-ri-ors, each hav-ing con-ceal-ed wea-pons, made their way to Fort Ro-sa-lie, and kill-ed ev-er-y French-man in the lit-tle gar-ri-son. The as-cend-ing smoke from the burn-ing fort be-came a sig-nal for oth-ers of the re-volt-ing tribes, and in a short space of time 700 of the white male pop-u-la-tion had been slaugh-ter-ed. While the dread-ful butch-er-y was go-ing on, the Great Chief seat-ed him-self in the ware-house of the West-ern Com-pa-ny, and with the most per-fect care-less-ness smok-ed his pipe, while the heads of his fall-en foes were be-ing pil-ed up in the form of a pyr-a-mid.

As soon as the mas-sa-cre be-came known, M. Per-rier set to work in the most vig-or-ous man-ner to quell the con-spir-a-cy. In this mat-ter he was suc-cess-ful, though the task was a long and dif-fi-cult one. The Natch-ez tribe, led by their chief, Great Sun, fled a-cross the Mis-sis-sip-pi and for-ti-fied them-selves on Black riv-er. But the French troops, aid-ed by the Choc-taw In-dians and oth-er set-tlers, fol-low-ed in hot pur-suit, and in two bat-tles they were ut-ter-ly rout-ed. Great Sun, and

400 of his war-ri-ors, were cap-tured and tak-en to New Or-leans, and thence to San Do-min-go, and sold as slaves. So end-ed the great Natch-ez war, and with it the Natch-ez tribe per-ish-ed.

The fa-mous West-ern Com-pa-ny had be-come so im-pov-er-ish-ed by the fail-ure of John Law's schemes, and the ver-y large ex-pen-di-ture in-volv-ed in the pros-e-cu-tion of the Natch-ez war, de-ter-min-ed to ask the King of France for per-mis-sion to sur-ren-der their char-ter.

The four-teen years dur-ing which the Com-pa-ny had con-troll-ed af-fairs, had been years of com-par-a-tive pros-per-i-ty. The white pop-u-la-tion had in-creas-ed from 700 to 5,000. The wild dreams a-bout gold, and sil-ver, and pre-cious stones, gave place to the more thor-ough cul-ti-va-tion of the soil. Set-tlers be-gan work-ing on their own ac-count, in-stead of for wild spec-u-la-tors. Tents and wig-wams were re-plac-ed by hous-es; lit-tle groups of hous-es grew in-to vil-lag-es, and vil-lag-es grew in-to towns.

On the 10th of A-pril, 1732, the King of France grant-ed the re-quest of the West-ern Com-pa-ny, their char-ter was sur-ren-der-ed, and a pro-cla-ma-tion was is-sued de-clar-ing Lou-i-si-an-a free to all his sub-jects, with e-qual priv-i-leg-es as to com-merce and oth-er in-ter-ests.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORE IN-DIAN TROU-BLES—WAR WITH CHIC-A-SAWS.

At the sur-ren-der-ing of the char-ter by the West-ern Com-pa-ny, the Gov-ern-ment of France re-sumed its con-trol of pub-lic af-fairs. M. Per-rier re-main-ed Gov-ern-or-Gen-er-al, M. d'Ar-ta-quette be-came lo-cal Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois, while Bien-ville was placed in charge of South-ern Lou-i-si-an-a. One of the prin-ci-pal ends Per-rier had in view, was to make sure his au-thor-i-ty o-ver the va-ri-ous In-dian tribes in-hab-it-ing the coun-try un-der his com-mand.

But the Chic-a-saws of Ken-tuck-y and Ten-nes-see, in-flu-enc-ed part-ly by Eng-lish col-o-nists, and part-ly by the dead-ly ha-tred of the French, made things most un-com-fort-a-ble. Bus-i-ness could on-ly be con-duct-ed at the great-est risk, and the set-tlers all the way from the Ill-in-ois riv-er down to New Or-leans, were kept in a con-di-tion of con-stant a-larm. They nev-er knew at what mo-ment an at-tack might be made up-on them, or up-on their homes. Se-cret en-voys were sent by this hos-tile tribe to urge the Ill-in-ois In-dians to

join them in a plan to put an end to the whole of the white pop-u-la-tion. In this, how-ev-er, they were not wise, for the In-dians of Ill-in-ois not on-ly re-fus-ed to join their con-spir-a-cy, but se-cret-ly sent word to the French of the dan-ger that threat-en-ed them. And hav-ing thus warn-ed them, they then of-fer-ed their ser-vi-ces in these fig-u-ra-tive and im-pres-sive words:

"This is the pipe of peace or war; you have but to speak, and our braves will strike the na-tions that are your foes."

Bien-ville at once be-gan march-ing north-ward to join his for-ces with those of d'Ar-ta-quette. His ar-my in-creas-ed large-ly as he pro-ceed-ed. He add-ed to his for-ces a com-pa-ny of Choc-taw In-dians, 1,200 in num-ber, to whom he of-fer-ed a large re-ward for the scalps of Chic-a-saws. It was im-pos-si-ble to re-strain these new al-lies. Bien-ville was anx-ious to join the north-ern for-ces un-der d'Ar-ta-quette, but the for-tunes of war seem-ed to be all a-gainst him.

In the mean-time d'Ar-ta-quette, ac-com-pa-nied by De Vin-cennes and Fa-ther Le-nat, march-ed at the head of a small band of French-men and a-bout 1,000 In-dians, with the hope of meet-ing the for-ces of Bien-ville, then march-ing north-ward. On the 20th of May, these rash In-dians,

who had plenty of head-strong courage, but little judgment and less patience, compelled their leader to commence the attack. The Chic-saws were driven from two of their forts, but in the attempt to take a third, d'Ar-ta-quette was wounded. The loss of their leader so confused these Indian braves, that they fled and were pursued by bands of their victorious foes a distance of 125 miles.

d'Ar-ta-quette was too sorely wounded to retreat, and his brave companions, De Vin-cennes and Le-nat, refused to leave him to die amidst his foes. The Chic-saws kept these illustrious prisoners for a while, probably anticipating that large ransoms would be offered for them. Their wounds were staunch-ed, and they were treated with a show of kindness.

About ten or twelve days after this defeat, Bien-ville, with his forces, came upon a stronghold of the Chic-saws. The prudent French soldier would gladly have postponed action till he had at least heard from d'Ar-ta-quette, but his Choc-taw allies were rash and restless. The fort was but a log fort, they said, but it had been built under the direct supervision of the English—who at least understood the art of war—and was stronger than the aggressive party thought.

At break of day, on a bright May morn-ing, the Choc-taws com-men-ced the as-sault, ex-pect-ing to take the in-mates by sur-prise. But ev-er-y Chic-a-saw was at his post, and the re-pulse was as suc-cess-ful as it was de-ter-min-ed. Twice dur-ing the day Bien-ville tried to car-ry the fort, but he suf-fer-ed the most mark-ed de-feat. He was re-puls-ed with a loss of six-ty-five wound-ed and thir-ty-two kill-ed. Mor-ti-fi-ed at these loss-es, he dis-band-ed his In-dian al-lies threw his can-non in-to the riv-er, and re-turn-ed to New Or-leans a de-feat-ed and dis-gust-ed man.

The vic-to-ri-ous Chic-a-saws who held d'Ar-ta-quette and De Vin-cennes in bond-age, hear-ing of the de-feat of Bien-ville in the South, a-ban-don-ed all hope of ran-som, and so re-solv-ed to glut their ap-pe-tite for re-venge. They bore their pris-on-ers to an ad-ja-cent field and made them the vic-tims of a sav-age tri-umph. They were bound to stakes, and burn-ed to death be-fore slow fires. But their la-test breath was spent in pray-er, while their fiend-ish foes danc-ed round the dy-ing mar-tyrs, and with wild yells mock-ed their ag-o-ny and pain.

When Bien-ville heard of the bar-ba-rous treat-ment to which these north-ern lead-ers had been sub-ject-ed, he ask-ed for leave to fit out an-oth-er

ex-pe-di-tion a-against the Chic-a-saws. Hap-pi-ly, how-ev-er, af-ter man-y pre-pa-ra-tions, this con-flict was a-vert-ed. The Chic-a-saws sued for peace, They pledg-ed them-selves nev-er a-gain to pa-tron-ize the Eng-lish, and in any con-flict that might en-sue they prom-is-ed to send troops to aid the French. So end-ed the Chic-a-saw War.

Af-ter the es-tab-lish-ment of friend-ly re-la-tions with the Chic-a-saws, the na-tive tribes through-out the Val-ley of the Mis-sis-sip-pi vow-ed al-le-giance to France, and with a time of peace there came, al-so, a time of pros-per-i-ty. Ag-ri-cul-ture free from mo-nop-o-lies, and com-pa-nies sprang in-to new life. Ev-er-y ves-sel brought new set-tlers from France, and man-y Can-a-dians grow-ing wear-y of their se-vere win-ters, sought a home in the mild-er cli-mate of Ill-in-ois. The day of mo-nop-o-lies and com-pa-nies end-ed, a new im-pulse was giv-en to per-son-al ef-fort, and the trade be-tween the north-ern and south-ern part of the prov-ince was great-ly ex-tend-ed. The ten years from 1740 to 1750 were years of stead-y growth in Ill-in-ois, hap-py, pros-per-ous homes be-gan to dot the prair-ies and fringe the riv-er banks.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CON-SPIR-A-CY AND DEATH OF PON-TI-AC.

With the fall of Que-bec the dom-i-nance of the French in North A-mer-i-ca came to an end. Man-y bit-ter jeal-ous-ies had ex-ist-ed be-tween France and Eng-land. They had been at war with each oth-er for man-y years, and the an-i-mos-i-ties grow-ing out of these long and an-gry feuds were car-ri-ed to the New World. The vic-to-ry at Que-bec gave the Eng-lish new cour-age, and of course a-woke in the hearts of the French, and of the In-dians un-der their teach-ing, a deep and re-lent-less ha-tred. When the Eng-lish press-ed on to-ward the West, they were met with the charge that they had no right what-ev-er to these fruit-ful lands. To which they re-plied that in the year 1744, they had bought these lands of the In-dians of the East. But it was im-me-di-ate-ly an-swer-ed that the Ir-o-quois In-dians of New York had on-ly fool-ed these Eng-lish spec-u-la-tors, by sell-ing them rights and ti-tles which they did not pos-sess.

No doubt the Eng-lish would have press-ed their way west-ward much ear-li-er than they did,

but for the fact that the French power in Canada, supported by the Indian tribes, was of too serious a nature to be trifled with. But with the fall of that romantic cit-a-del of Que-bec their courage rose. Major Robert Rogers was sent to reap all the possible results of this victory. No-ven-ber, 1760, found him on the southern shore of Lake E-rie, making his way with all speed to De-troit, for the purpose of making peace with the French and the Indians. Bad weather set in, and a camp was formed in a forest near at hand.

Sev-er-al chiefs vis-it-ed Rog-ers, and a-mongst the rest, the fa-mous chief-tain Pon-ti-ac, the leading spir-it of the In-dian tribes, ap-pear-ed. He charg-ed Rog-ers, in a com-mand-ing tone, to re-main for the pres-ent where he was. The next day he made an-oth-er vis-it; he then told the Eng-lish am-bass-a-dor, that he and his peo-ple were quite will-ing to be at peace with the Eng-lish, and suf-fer them to re-main in their coun-try as long as they treat-ed him and his peo-ple with re-spect and jus-tice.

Pon-ti-ac was a man of great per-son-al pow-er. He had a fine, com-mand-ing pres-ence. His com-plex-ion was ver-y dark, his fea-tures stern and bold, his whole bear-ing de-no-ted a man of



PON-TI-AC.

im-per-i-ous will. He was gen-er-al-ly dress-ed in ver-y scan-ty gar-ments, his long hair flow-ing loose-ly a-bout his neck. On pub-lic oc-ca-sions he was plum-ed and paint-ed af-ter the man-ner of his tribe. No man knew bet-ter than Pon-ti-ac when to wear the skin of a lion, and when the skin of the fox. This was the time to play the fox. The pow-er of France was de-clin-ing; it might be well to be on friend-ly terms with the new mas-ters. In any case, by ap-pear-ing to be friend-ly he could gain time, and this, per-haps, was Pon-ti-ac's chief pur-pose.

When Rog-ers, with the Eng-lish force, reach-ed the mouth of the De-troit riv-er, they were met by 400 In-dian war-ri-ors who would have made any fur-ther pro-gress ex-treme-ly dif-fi-cult at least, but for the in-ter-po-si-tion of Pon-ti-ac, who per-suad-ed his old friends to look kind-ly on the new com-ers. But there was a light in his eye, and an ac-cent in his voice, that those who knew him in-ti-mate-ly could well un-der-stand.

On the 29th of No-vem-ber, 1760, De-troit pass-ed into the hands of the Eng-lish. Pon-ti-ac had no love for the Eng-lish, and his na-tive tribe, the Sacs, who were great-ly in-flu-enc-ed by the Ill-in-ois French, were a-mong the first to sup-port him in his daring con-spir-a-cy. Pon-ti-ac was now

fifty years of age, and there entered in-to his busy brain the dark plot of attacking all the English forts on the same day. And having killed every man in the garri-sons, the defence-less settlements were then to be attacked, and the entire English pop-u-lation was to be exter-min-a-ted.

To pre-pare for this dread-ful e-vent, Pon-ti-ac him-self vis-it-ed all the dif-fer-ent tribes. He told them that the French King had been sleep-ing, but was now a-wake! He play-ed much up-on the sym-pa-thies of the French by such speech-es as these:

“I love the French, and have led hith-er my braves to main-tain your au-thor-i-ty, and vin-dicate the in-sult-ed hon-or of France. But you must no long-er re-main in-ac-tive, and suf-fer your red broth-ers to con-tend a-lone a-against the foe who seeks our com-mon de-struc-tion. We de-mand of you arms and war-ri-ors to as-sist us, and when the Eng-lish dogs are driv-en in-to the sea, we will a-gain, in peace and hap-pi-ness, en-joy with you these fruit-ful for-ests and prair-ies, the no-ble her-it-age pre-sent-ed by the Great Spir-it to our an-ces-tors.”

But Pon-ti-ac's con-spir-a-cy was on-ly part-ly suc-cess-ful. The blow came, as near-ly as can be as-cer-tain-ed, a-bout the 7th of May, 1763. Nine

British posts were taken, and many of these remorseless Indians are said to have literally drank the blood of these murdered Englishmen, from the hollow of their fiendish hands. Not



HOMES BURN-ED AND FAM-I-LIES DRIV-EN OUT TO DIE IN THE WOODS.

only were the forts assailed, but the homes of unoffending settlers were burned, and their families were driven out to die in the woods. In this bloody fray, hundreds of men, women and children were put to death, with most revolting cruelty. Women were compelled to stand and see their children's brains dashed out while waiting their turn to be murdered.

Pon-ti-ac's im-me-di-ate point of ac-tion was the gar-ri-son at De-troit. Ev-er-y-thing was ar-rang-ed. Pon-ti-ac, with six-ty oth-er chiefs was to hold a coun-cil with Ma-jor Glad-wyn with-in the Fort. They all a-greed to have guns con-ceal-ed un-der their blan-kets, and at a giv-en sign they were to be-gin the work of death.

That this plan was frus-tra-ted was ow-ing to the mer-ci-ful in-ter-po-si-tion of a beau-ti-ful Chip-pe-wa maid-en who was said to be in love with Glad-wyn, but who cer-tain-ly de-sir-ed to save his life. She made an ex-cuse to go to the Fort to take Glad-wyn a pair of moc-ca-sins which he had ask-ed her to make, and then she found op-por-tu-ni-ty to put Glad-wyn on his guard.

The next day, when Pon-ti-ac and his com-rades came to the Fort, they were sur-pris-ed and con-found-ed to see that the whole gar-ri-son was un-der arms. When ask-ed the mean-ing of this, Glad-wyn step-ped forth, and sud-den-ly draw-ing a-side a blan-ket from one of the chiefs, re-veal-ed the con-ceal-ed mus-ket. Pon-ti-ac turn-ed pale, and tried to make ex-pla-na-tions. But he and his blood-thirst-y fol-low-ers were dis-miss-ed with a se-vere warn-ing, nev-er a-gain to at-tempt to enter the Fort.

Pon-ti-ac at once laid siege to the Fort, but he

did not suc-ceed in ta-king it, though he main-tain-ed op-er-a-tions for a long time. At last he gave up all hopes of suc-cess, and came to Ill-in-ois and made vig-or-ous ef-forts to per-suade the Ill-in-ois tribe, and those who were liv-ing in the neigh-bor-hood of St. Lou-is, to en-ter on a war with the whites. But his ef-forts were all in vain. For three years Pon-ti-ac liv-ed in the se-clu-sion of the woods and prair-ies, sup-port-ing his fam-i-ly as a hunts-man. Hear-ing of signs of trou-ble be-tween the white pop-u-la-tion and the In-dians, he came to the front once more. At Ca-ho-ki-a he found a num-ber of his In-dian friends en-gag-ed in a drunk-en rev-el; he soon be-came drunk him-self, and start-ed sing-ing wild mag-i-cal songs. An Eng-lish tra-der in the vil-lage, who look-ed up-on Pon-ti-ac as the e-vil spir-it of his age, of-fer-ed an In-dian, of the Kas-kas-ki-a tribe, a bar-rel of whis-ky to kill him. The as-sas-sin ac-cept-ed the bribe, fol-low-ed the drunk-en chief in-to the woods, and bur-i-ed his tom-a-hawk in his brain. So end-ed the ca-reer of Pon-ti-ac, who, though re-gard-ed by the In-dians as the great-est he-ro of his age, died the death of a dog, at the hand of one of his own race.

CHAPTER XVI.

ILL-IN-OIS BE-COMES A BRIT-ISH PROV-INCE.

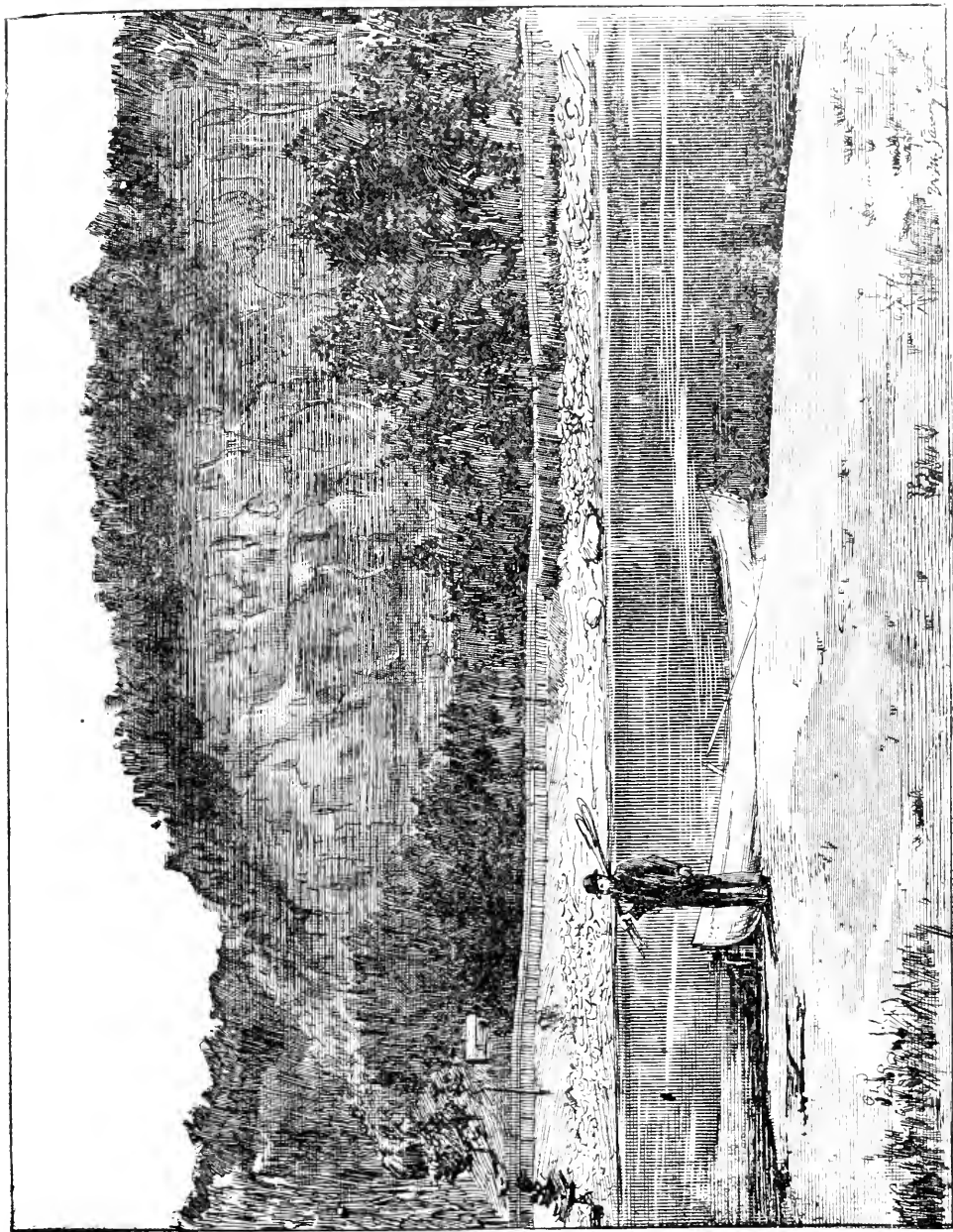
In the year 1762, France, by a se-cret treat-y, hand-ed Lou-i-si-an-a o-ver to Spain, to pre-vent its fall-ing in-to the hands of the Eng-lish, who were fast be-com-ing mas-ters of the en-tire West. In the year fol-low-ing, 1763, the fa-mous Treat-y of Par-is was sign-ed at Fon-tain-bleau, by which this whole re-gion came in-to the hands of the Eng-lish. By this treat-y, all the re-gions east of the Mis-sis-sip-pi were giv-en o-ver to the Eng-lish, but it was not un-til the 10th of Oc-to-ber, 1765, that the en-sign of France was dis-plac-ed on the ram-parts of Fort Char-tres, by the flag of Great Brit-ain.

Cap-tain Ster-ling, of the 42d Roy-al High-land-ers, took pos-ses-sion of Fort Char-tres in the name of the King, bring-ing with him a roy-al pro-cla-ma-tion, prom-is-ing civ-il and re-lig-i-ous lib-er-ty, and urg-ing up-on all peo-ple the du-ty of con-duct-ing them-selves "like good and faith-ful sub-jects, a-void-ing, by a wise and pru-dent de-mean-or, all cause of com-plaint a-gainst them."

Cap-tain Ster-ling did not live to see any great im-prove-ment in this lone-ly col-o-ny. He died a-bout three months af-ter his ar-ri-val, and was suc-ceed-ed by Ma-jor Fra-zer, who, in turn, was suc-ceed-ed by Col-o-nel Reed. Af-ter eigh-teen months of a mean, tyr-an-ni-cal ad-min-is-tra-tion, in which Reed play-ed the part of the pet-ty mil-i-ta-ry op-pres-sor, he was re-mov-ed, and on the 5th of Sep-tem-ber, 1868, Lieu-ten-ant-Col-o-nel Wil-kins reign-ed in his stead.

Up to this time there had been no civ-il ad-min-is-tra-tion of jus-tice in Ill-in-ois. Col-o-nel Wil-kins be-gan his of-fi-cial work by is-su-ing a pro-cla-ma-tion for a civ-il ad-min-is-tra-tion of the laws of the coun-try. For this pur-pose he ap-point-ed sev-en ma-gis-trates or judg-es from a-mong the peo-ple, who were to form the civ-il tri-bu-nal, and to hold month-ly terms of court. A term of this court was held, com-menc-ing De-cem-ber 6th, 1768, at Fort Char-tres, which was the first com-mon law ju-ris-dic-tion ev-er ex-er-cis-ed with-in the pres-ent lim-its of Ill-in-ois.

In the first pro-cla-ma-tion of the King of Great Brit-ain, is-su-ed in Oc-to-ber, 1763, it was ex-press-ly laid down that there should be no ta-king or pur-chas-ing of lands in an-y of the A-mer-i-can col-o-nies, with-out spe-cial leave or li-cense be-ing



BLUFF ON THE MISSISSIPPI, SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.

first ob-tain-ed. But in spite of this dis-tinct stip-u-la-tion, Col-o-nel Wil-kins pro-ceed-ed to par-cel out the rich lands, o-ver which he rul-ed, in large tracts to his fa-vor-ites, with-out an-y con-sid-er-a-tions oth-er than those that gave him the chief prof-it in the trans-ac-tion.

At an In-dian coun-cil, held in Kas-kas-ki-a in 1773, a com-pa-ny of Eng-lish tra-ders, who call-ed them-selves the "Ill-in-ois Land Com-pa-ny," ob-tain-ed from the chiefs of the Kas-kas-ki-a, Ca-ho-ki-a, and Pe-o-ri-a tribes, two large tracts of land ly-ing on the east-ern side of the Mis-sis-sip-pi riv-er and south of the Ill-in-ois. Two years la-ter, a mer-chant from the Ill-in-ois coun-try, nam-ed Viv-i-at, come to Post Vin-cennes as the a-gent of an as-so-ci-a-tion call-ed the "Wa-bash Land Com-pa-ny." He ob-tain-ed, on be-half of his com-pa-ny, from e-lev-en Pi-an-ke-shaw Chiefs, a deed for 37,497,600 a-cres of land. The deed, to make it sure, was sign-ed by the chiefs, and their sig-na-tures were at-test-ed by a num-ber of the peo-ple of Vin-cennes. The deed was af-ter-ward re-cord-ed in the of-fice of a pub-lic no-ta-ry at Kas-kas-ki-a.

In 1772 a great fresh-et wash-ed a-way Fort Char-tres, and the Brit-ish gar-ri-son was trans-fer-red to Fort Gage, on the bluff of the Kas-kas-ki-a riv-er.

CHAPTER XVII.

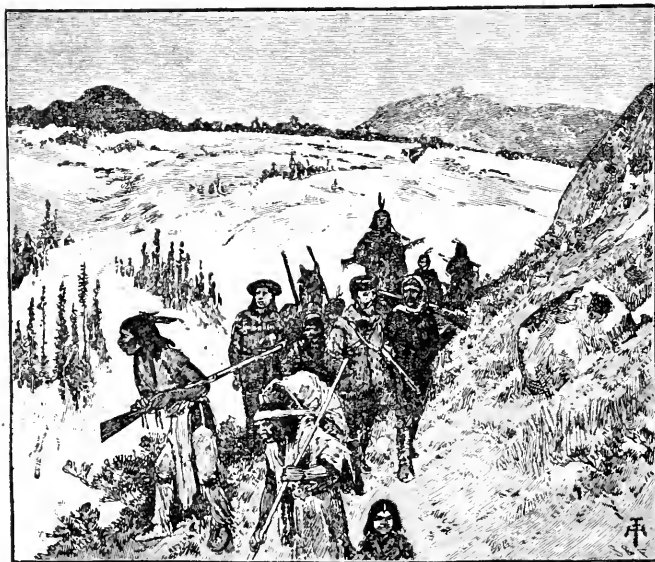
GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE IN ILL-IN-OIS.

The rule of the Brit-ish did not prove a blessing to Ill-in-ois. Ver-y lit-tle at-ten-tion was paid to the growth of the coun-try. The chief ends for which the Wil-kins Gov-ern-ment seem-ed to exist was to keep the In-dians qui-et, and to add to the wealth and ease of its chief of-fi-cers. The French left the coun-try one by one, and the once bus-y and pop-u-lous towns soon be-came de-sert-ed. One, on-ly, re-al-ly im-por-tant e-vent seems to have mark-ed this pe-ri-od of the rule of the Brit-ish Gov-ern-ors, and that was the es-tab-lish-ment of a large store at Ca-ho-ki-a, by Charles Gra-ti-ot, in 1774. This was the first place for trade in mer-chan-dise o-pen-ed west of the Alle-ghan-ies, but it was the fore-run-ner of man-y oth-ers.

Gra-ti-ot, the pro-pri-e-tor, an en-ter-pris-ing young French-man, mar-ri-ed a daugh-ter of Pierre Chot-eau, the foun-der of St. Lou-is to which place Gra-ti-ot then re-mov-ed.

Man-y of the French set-tlers, as well as their In-dian friends, who nev-er en-ter-tain-ed an-y re-

spect for the Brit-ish, be-gan to grow dis-cour-ag-ed. They turn-ed their fa-ces West-ward, and lit-tle by lit-tle a stead-y ex-o-dus from Ill-in-ois set in, that



FRENCH SET-TLERS AND IN-DIANS LEAV-ING ILL-IN-OIS.

threat-en-ed in a ver-y short space of time, to turn this whole re-gion, that had prom-is-ed so fair to be the fruit-ful and de-light-ful home of hap-py pop-u-la-tions, in-to a waste and de-so-late place.

A-mer-i-ca's great strug-gle for In-de-pend-ence from Great Brit-ain had be-gun. The chests of tea had been thrown in-to Bos-ton har-bor.

The Con-ti-nen-tal Con-gress had draft-ed the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence at Phil-a-del-phia, on the mem-or-a-ble 4th of Ju-ly, 1776. Since the days of the fa-mous Mag-na Char-ta, the world had not seen so great a state doc-u-ment as that same Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence—a

doc-u-ment that ev-er-y Young A-mer-i-can ought to "read, mark, learn, and in-ward-ly di-gest."

Dur-ing the first two years of these Rev-o-lution-a-ry times, the set-tlers and the In-dians were com-par-a-tive-ly un-con-cern-ed as to the is-sues of the con-flict, but as the Rev-o-lution pro-gress-ed, Brit-ish ag-i-ta-tors did all they could to stir up bit-ter feel-ings a-against the Col-o-nists. They as-sur-ed the French and In-dians that the Vir-gin-i-ans, in par-tic-u-lar, were a most bru-tal race of men. They man-u-fact-ur-ed all sorts of dis-mal and re-volt-ing sto-ries of their aw-ful do-ings. It was said they would en-ter qui-et homes, and with-out a mo-ment's no-tice or any chance of de-fense, they would scalp the in-mates, and plunge their long knives in-to ev-er-y heart they came near.

Gen-er-al dis-may and dread took hold up-on the peo-ple, and it re-quir-ed all the gen-tle pow-er of the priests to calm and pa-ci-fy their flocks, which, how-ev-er, they did to the best of their a-bil-i-ty, urg-ing them to en-dure and be pa-tient, and if the worst came to the worst, to meet their fate with the cour-age of men, and the he-ro-ism of saints.

Just at this point, George Rog-ers Clarke, a na-tive of Vir-gin-i-a, who had spent much of his time a-mongst the west-ern tribes, and knew pret-ty

well what their feelings were toward the British, believed that they could easily be won over to the American cause. He felt sure that if the British could be successfully driven from the Northwest, there would be very little trouble with the Indians.

The chief points of importance were Detroit, Kas-kas-ki-a, and Vincennes, from which forts the British dispensed arms. To take these forts was the aim and ambition of this intrepid young Virginian.

Patrick Henry, the author of that famous saying, "Give me liberty, or give me death," was at this time, 1777, Governor of Virginia. It was about Christmas of this year that Clarke made his way to the Governor, and laid all his plans before him. After some consideration, Henry wrote out a commission, which instructed Clarke to raise seven companies of soldiers—350 in all—to attack the British force at Kas-kas-ki-a.

The terms of the commission empowered Clarke to offer the rights of citizenship, and the protection of the law, to all those who would yield loyalty to the commonwealth of Virginia. One golden sentence of that commission deserves to be kept in remembrance, showing the large heart of the man who wrote it. In giving instructions

Pat-rick Hen-ry ex-press-ly en-joins on Clarke a hu-mane meth-od of treat-ment. He writes:

“It is ear-nest-ly de-sir-ed that you show hu-man-i-ty to such Brit-ish sub-jects, and oth-er per-sons, as fall in-to your hands.”

Arm-ed with this com-mis-sion, Clarke and his com-rades start-ed for Kas-kas-ki-a. And it is to be no-ted with in-ter-est that the 4th of Ju-ly, which had al-read-y be-come a red-let-ter day in A-mer-i-can his-to-ry, was the day on which the val-i-ant Vir-gin-i-ans won their blood-less vic-to-ry.

On the e-ven-ing of July 3d, 1778, the in-hab-it-ants of Kas-kas-ki-a went to sleep in peace, with no thought or dream of what the mor-row would bring. In the dead of the night, Clarke’s troops en-ter-ed the town; the Fort had been al-read-y se-cur-ed. When the pan-ic-strick-en peo-ple heard that Clarke and his sol-diers had come, they ran a-bout, scream-ing in wild dis-may, “Les Long Cou-teaux! Les Long Cou-teaux!” The Long Knives! The Long Knives!

It was now plain to Clarke, that if these af-fright-ed peo-ple got a-way and spread a false a-larm, his cause would be great-ly harm-ed, he there-fore drove them back in-to their hous-es, and com-pell-ed them to re-main there.

The next day a dep-u-ta-tion of the priest and

a few of the prin-ci-pal in-hab-it-ants beg-ged of Clarke to al-low the peo-ple to go to church once more, that they might take fi-nal leave of each other, sup-pos-ing, of course, that their end was at hand. Their re-quest was grant-ed; they met in sol-emn wor-ship, as they fear-ed, for the last time. An-oth-er day pass-ed, and then they beg-ged that if they were to be driv-en a-way, their fam-i-lies might not be sep-a-ra-ted. They ex-press-ed their grat-i-tude for the kind-ness they had al-read-y re-ceiv-ed, and bow-ed low at the feet of the con-quer-or.

At this, Clarke threw off all dis-guise; he told priest and peo-ple that he had not come to mur-der, but to pro-tect them from the Brit-ish and the In-dians. He clos-ed his ad-dress in these words:

“Em-brace which-ev-er side you deem best, and en-joy your own re-lig-ion, for A-mer-i-can law re-spects the be-liev-ers of ev-er-y creed, and pro-TECTS them in their rights. And now, to con-vince you of my sin-cer-i-ty, go and in-form the in-hab-it-ants that they can dis-miss their fears con-cern-ing their prop-er-ty and fam-i-lies; that they can con-duct them-selves as u-su-al, and that their friends who are in con-fine-ment shall im-me-di-ate-ly be re-leas-ed.”

That was a glo-ri-ous day for Kas-kas-ki-a!

The old Cath-e-dral bell rang out in mer-ry peals. The priests a-pol-o-giz-ed to Col-o-nel Clarke for their mis-con-cep-tion of the char-ac-ter of the A-mer-i-cans, and a-mid the most fer-vid shouts in fa-vor of In-de-pend-ence, they call-ed the peo-ple once more to the Cath-e-dral to join in a grand *Te De-um* of thanks-giv-ing.

From Kas-kas-ki-a, Clarke and his men, accom-pa-ni-ed by M. Gib-ault, went to Ca-ho-ki-a, where the peo-ple, at first in ter-ror at the com-ing of "The Long Knives," soon chang-ed their fears to glad-ness, and be-gan shout-ing for "Lib-er-ty and Free-dom."

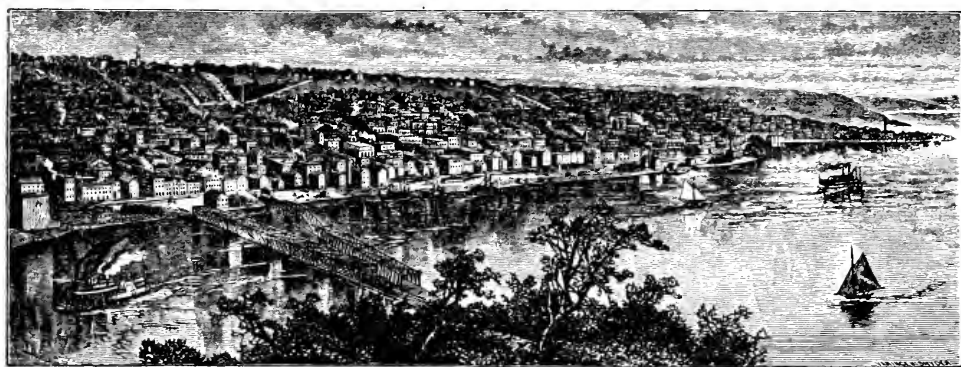
From Ca-ho-ki-a to Vin-cennes the con-quer-ors march-ed, with the good priest, Gib-ault, in their ranks, who, be-ing the priest of Vin-cennes as well as Kas-kas-ki-a, per-suad-ed that com-mu-ni-ty to throw off their al-le-gi-ance to the Brit-ish, and join the com-mon-wealth of Vir-gin-i-a.

Three sol-diers were sent to Pe-o-ri-a Lake to tell the set-tlers there of the change of Gov-ern-ment. The on-ly in-hab-it-ants res-i-dent at this point were French, In-dians, and half-breeds. No Eng-lish was spo-ken in Pe-o-ri-a up to this date, and no ob-jec-tion was of-fer-ed to the change of Gov-ern-ment.

Who would have thought, in that ear-ly day,

that that lit-tle group of log hous-es with here and there a vine-yard, then a church, and last of all a wind-mill, would have grown in-to the beau-ti-ful and flour-ish-ing city of the Pe-o-ri-a of to-day!

The news of Clarke's in-va-sion reach-ed Ham-il-ton, the Brit-ish Gen-er-al, at De-troit, who re-solv-ed at once up-on an ef-fort to re-cap-ture Vin-



THE CIT-Y OF PE-O RI-A.

cennes, and in the Au-tumn of 1778, he set out for that pur-pose with a force of Brit-ish, French Can-a-di-ans, and In-di-ans, 480 strong. The gar-ri-son at Vin-cennes now con-sist-ed of the brave com-man-der, Helm, and one pri-vate sol-dier. When Ham-il-ton came near the fort with his mot-ley for-ces, Helm stood in the gate-way be-side a load-ed can-non. Ham-il-ton not know-ing the ex-tent of Helm's for-ces, prom-is-ed the hon-ors of war if the fort sur-ren-der-ed. And on the

14th of De-cem-ber, 1778, Cap-tain Helm and the one pri-vate march-ed out!

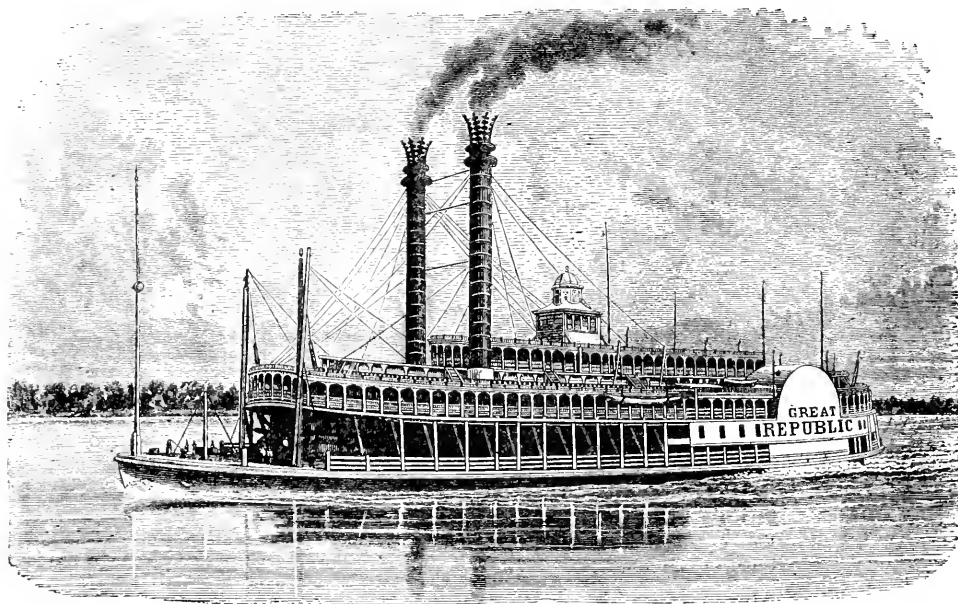
Col-o-nel Clarke could not rest with Vin-cennes in the hands of the en-em-y, so, with 175 faith-ful fol-low-ers, he set out on the 7th of Feb-ru-a-ry, 1779, to re-cap-ture the cap-tur-ed fort. His jour-ney was a try-ing one, and his meth-od of deal-ing with the gar-ri-son was most ro-man-tic. On Wash-ing-ton's birth-day, Feb-ru-a-ry 22d, the gar-ri-son ca-pit-u-la-ted; so end-ed the Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry War, so far as Ill-in-ois was con-cern-ed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ILL-IN-OIS PART OF THE NORTH-WEST TER-RI-TO-RY.

The Gen-er-al As-sem-bly of Vir-gin-i-a con-sti-tu-ted the new-ly con-quer-ed coun-try, cov-er-ing all the lands north-west of the O-hi-o riv-er, in-to "The Coun-ty of Ill-in-ois." This was the larg-est coun-ty in the world, spread-ing o-ver a sur-face much lar-ger than that oc-cu-pi-ed by three or four Eu-ro-pe-an King-doms. It in-clud-ed what are now the States of Ohio, In-di-an-a, Ill-in-ois, Mich-i-gan, and Wis-con-sin, an a-rea of more than 250,000 square miles.

This im-mense tract of coun-try was sep-a-ra-ted from Vir-gin-i-a, and ced-ed to the U-ni-ted States in 1784. Thom-as Jef-fer-son, Thom-as Lee, James Mon-roe, and Sam-uel Har-dy, were



STEAM-BOAT ON THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PI.

the dele-gates from Con-gress to com-plete the ar-range-ments.

The laws pro-vid-ed for the gov-ern-ment of this great ter-ri-to-ry, call-ed by some "The Compact of 1787," were few and sim-ple. Pro-vi-sion was made for the am-ple rep-re-sen-ta-tion of the peo-ple, and for the fu-ture di-vi-sion of the ter-ri-to-ry in-to not less than three, and not more than

five, States. The sev-enth law of the code practical-ly pro-hib-it-ed slav-er-y. Slaves brought in-to the re-gion had to sign an a-gree-ment to work for their mas-ters a cer-tain time. As a mat-ter of fact, this vast em-pire, the heart of this great val-ley of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, was con-se-cra-ted to Free-dom. There had been slav-er-y in the south-ern part of the "Coun-ty" be-fore the en-act-ment of the great "Com-pact;" but the airs that blew o-ver the lakes and riv-ers, the for-ests and prair-ies, of Ill-in-ois, were the strong pure airs of lib-er-ty.

The cap-i-tal of the new-ly or-gan-ized ter-ri-to-ry was fix-ed at Mar-i-et-ta, in the State of O-hi-o, and re-main-ed there un-til the ter-ri-to-ry was di-vi-ded. On the 5th of Oc-to-ber, 1787, Ar-thur St. Clair, an of-fi-cer of the Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry War, was ap-point-ed the first Gov-ern-or.

The In-dians con-tin-ued to be trou-ble-some, though Gov-ern-or St. Clair did all he could to form am-ic-a-ble treat-ies with the va-ri-ous tribes. But the dis-sen-sions that ex-ist-ed be-tween the va-ri-ous tribes made such work more and more dif-fi-cult. It is said that be-tween 1783 and 1790, not less than 1,500 Whites were mur-der-ed, or in some oth-er way spir-it-ed a-way from their homes and set-tle-ments in the North-west.

On the 4th of No-vem-ber, 1791, a sad and

blood-y fray took place in a deep ra-vine on the Wa-bash riv-er, led on by Lit-tle Tur-tle. In this bat-tle 900 were kill-ed.

An-oth-er ver-y des-per-ate bat-tle was fought at Mau-mee, un-der com-mand of Gen-er-al Wayne, on the 20th of Au-gust, 1794, in which the In-dians were thor-ough-ly rout-ed.

In 1798, Gov-ern-or St. Clair is-sued an or-der for an e-lec-tion of Rep-re-sen-ta-tives. Two years la-ter, in the first year of the Nine-teenth Cen-tu-ry, the North-west Ter-ri-to-ry was di-vi-ded in-to the ter-ri-to-ries of O-hi-o and In-diana—our pres-ent State be-long-ing to the lat-ter—of which Will-iam Hen-ry Har-ri-son, af-ter-wards Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, and wide-ly known as “Tip-pe-ca-noe Har-ri-son,” was made Gov-ern-or. The seat of Gov-ern-ment was at Vin-cennes.

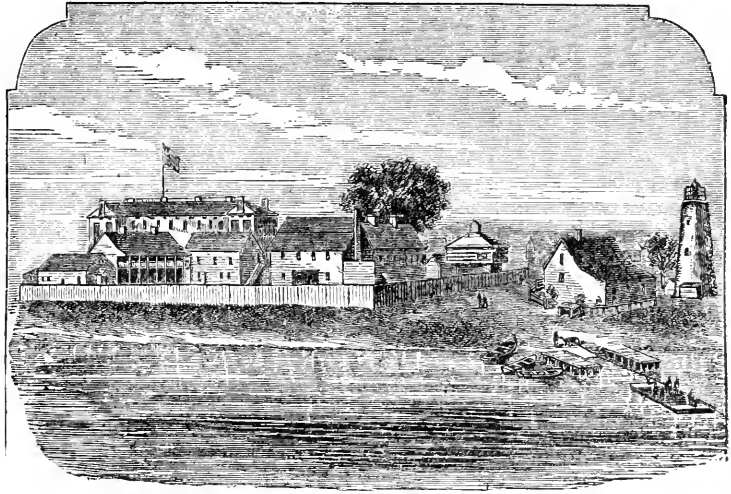
Col-o-ni-za-tion did not move very rap-id-ly in the north-ern part of what is now the State of Ill-in-ois, but the south-ern por-tions were quick-ly fill-ing up.

Bap-tiste, and a few others, had fix-ed their homes at the mouth of the Chi-ca-go riv-er. They were tra-ders rath-er than set-tlers, de-pend-ing for a liv-ing whol-ly on trad-ing with the In-dians.

In 1804, Fort Dear-born was e-rect-ed by the Gov-ern-ment, and was so nam-ed in hon-or of

Har-ry Dear-born, who was at that time Sec-re-ta-ry of War.

In 1805, Mich-i-gan, which at that time in-cluded the pres-ent State of Wis-con-sin and a part of Min-ne-so-ta, was sep-a-rat-ed from the ter-ri-to-ry of In-di-a-na, and the ques-tion then a-rose, as to wheth-



VIEW OF FORT DEAR-BORN, FROM THE RIV-ER.

er it would not be a good thing to make a sep-a-rate di-vi-sion of Ill-in-ois. The bat-tle of the Sep-a-ra-tion-ists with their foes, was waged for four years, and in 1809, the sep-a-ra-tion took place, and Ill-in-ois was known as Ill-in-ois Ter-ri-to-ry, with the seat of gov-ern-ment at Kas-kas-ki-a. At this time the set-tlers in Ill-in-ois num-ber-ed a-bout 11,500.

Nin-i-an Ed-wards was the first Gov-ern-or of the new Ter-ri-to-ry. But he had hard-ly en-ter-ed up-on the du-ties of his of-fice be-fore the rest-less

In-dians be-gan their sly, cru-el work. Small bands of them would skulk a-bout and take the mean-est ad-van-tage of the help-less and the un-arm-ed.

Te-cum-seh, Chief of the Shaw-nee tribe, had tried to en-list the Creeks, the Choc-taws, and the Chic-a-saws, a-against the set-tlers. Gov-ern-or Har-ri-son thought this a good time to take a stand, so he set out for Tip-pe-ca-noe, or Proph-et's Town, where he found the In-dians were un-der the com-mand of the One-Eyed Proph-et. The bat-tle of Tip-pe-ca-noe was fought on the 6th of No-vem-ber, 1811, in which the In-dians were o-ver-thrown.

Gov-ern-or Ed-wards call-ed a coun-cil of In-dian Chiefs at Ca-ho-ki-a, in 1812. To this strange con-fer-ence came Go-mo, Pep-per, White Hair, Lit-tle Sauk, Great Speak-er, Yel-low Sun, Snake, Bull, Ig-nace, Pipe Bird, Cut Branch, the South Wind, Black Bird, Blue Eyes, Sun Fish, and a host of oth-ers with e-qual-ly strange names. They lis-ten-ed to all Gov-ern-or Ed-wards said, and the next day, Go-mo re-plied. But there was no dis-po-si-tion on the part of the In-dians, for peace; they were sly and de-ceit-ful, and were chief-ly anx-i-ous to gain time.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAS-SA-CRE AT FORT DEAR-BORN.

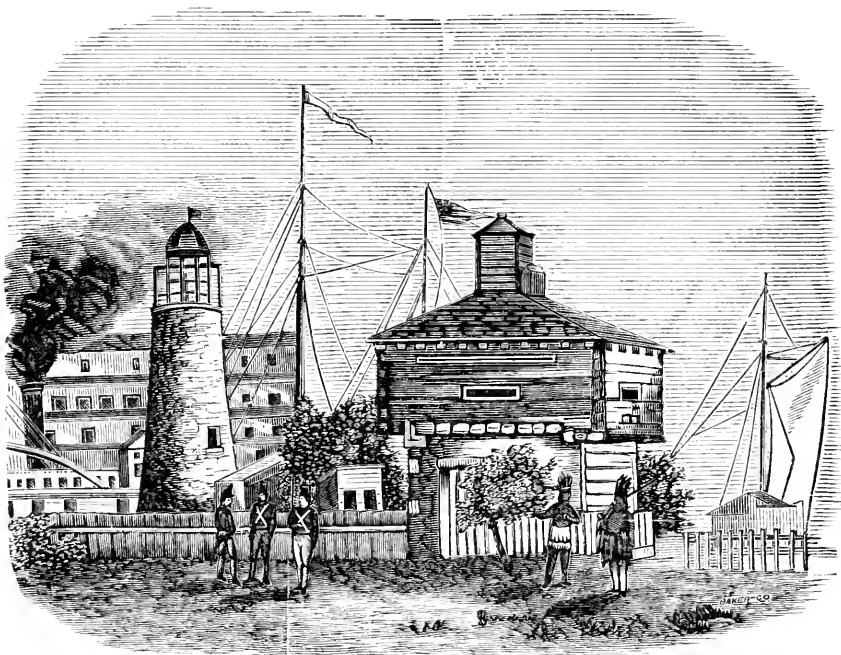
When Har-ry Dear-born, Sec-re-ta-ry of War, saw the fort ris-ing on the bank of the Chic-a-go riv-er, that was to bear his name, he no more dream-ed of the aw-ful trag-e-dy that was to take place there in five or six years, than he did of the fact, that this same spot would, in much less than a cen-tu-ry, be-come the cen-tre of a com-mer-cial and so-cial life, whose in-flu-ence would reach all round the world.

In the sum-mer of the mem-o-ra-ble year, 1812, Cap-tain Heald, who came to Chic-a-go from Ken-tuck-y, with his young bride, each rid-ing on a beau-ti-ful bay po-ny, was in com-mand of Fort Dear-born. He had with him sev-en-ty-five men, full-y half of whom were un-fit for du-ty by rea-son of sick-ness.

The sec-ond war with Great Brit-ain was in pro-gress, and the Brit-ish were doing all in their pow-er to win the In-dians to their side. But the In-dians and half-breeds ap-peared to be on per-fect-ly friend-ly terms with the set-tlers on the

Chic-a-go riv-er, and with the sol-diers at Fort Dear-born. But treach-ery was at work.

One e-ven-ing Mr. Kin-zie sat play-ing on his vi-o-lin, and his chil-dren were danc-ing to the



FORT DEAR-BORN. E-RECT-ED 1804.

mu-sic, when a sud-den cry was heard: "The In-dians! The In-dians!" It was ru-mor-ed that up at Lee's the In-dians were kill-ing and scalp-ing. Where-up-on, Mr. Kin-zie and his fam-i-ly, and the rest of the set-tlers, cross-ed the riv-er and took ref-uge in Fort Dear-born.

A lit-tle la-ter in the year, or-ders came from Gen-er-al Hull to Cap-tain Heald, to e-vac-u-ate Fort Dear-born and es-cape to Fort Wayne. His or-der ran thus :

“Leave the fort and stores as they are, and let the In-dians make dis-tri-bu-tion for them-selves, and while they are en-gag-ed in bus-i-ness the white peo-ple may es-cape to Fort Wayne.”

It has al-ways been thought that this or-der was a great mis-take; the sub-or-di-nate of-fi-cers op-pos-ed it, but Heald was firm, and de-sir-ing to be thor-ough-ly frank, he call-ed a con-fer-ence. It was un-der-stood that all the arms, am-mu-ni-tion, and li-quor in the fort, were to be left for the In-dians to di-vide a-mong them-selves, and they in turn were to furnish a safe es-cort to Fort Wayne. The of-fi-cers a-gain re-mon-strated. “Give these men arms,” they said, “and then fire their brains with li-quor, and they will turn up-on us, and kill and scalp ev-er-y one of us.” The treat-y was se-cret-ly broken, the li-quor was pour-ed in-to the riv-er, the am-mu-ni-tion and arms were thrown down a well.

The break-ing of the treat-y was dis-cov-er-ed by the In-dians, and they se-cret-ly pre-pa-ired for ven-geance.

On the morn-ing of Au-gust 15th, 1812, the

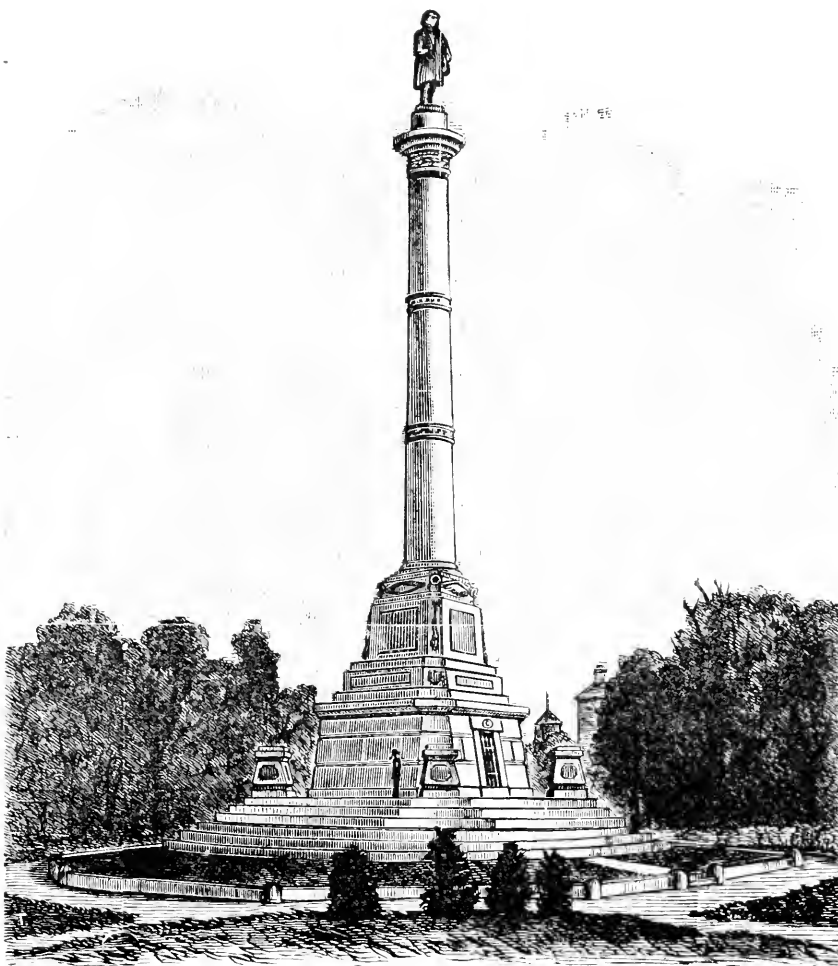
gar-ri-son march-ed out with drums beat-ing, and ban-ners fly-ing, for Fort Wayne. Cap-tain Heald and his wife rode in front on their bay po-nies. Then came the mem-bers of the gar-ri-son, and the troops, fol-low-ed by wag-ons con-tain-ing the wo-men and the chil-dren, and the sick. Last of all came 500 In-dians claim-ing to be an es-cort.

Cap-tain Wells, rode a-head, and a-bout two miles out, on the lake shore, he saw the In-dians form-ing in front. He rode back in hot haste, and told Cap-tain Heald that there was dan-ger. In-stant-ly the wag-ons were ar-rang-ed so as to pro-tect the sick and help-less, and to serve the pur-pose of breast-works, be-hind which the gar-ri-son gath-er-ed for de-fense.

Then fol-low-ed one of the sad-dest mas-sa-cres ev-er re-cord-ed. Cap-tain Heald and his wife were sep-a-ra-ted ear-ly in the fight. The In-dians o-pen-ed fire, and the white troops charg-ed up-on them and drove them back to the prair-ie. There were fif-ty-four sol-diers, twelve ci-vil-i-ans, and four wo-men, a-gainst 500 In-dian War-ri-ors.

Cap-tain Wells, who was un-cle to Mrs. Heald, rode up be-side her and said:

"We have not the slight-est chance for life. We must part to meet no more in this world. Good bye, dear; God bless you!"



DOUG-LAS MON-U-MENT, CHIC-A-GO. NEAR THE SCENE OF THE FORT
DEAR-BORN MAS-SA-CRE.

At this point Cap-tain Wells saw a young In-dian de-mon climb into a wag-on where there were twelve chil-dren, and the in-hu-man sav-age tom-a-hawk-ed them all! This stir-red the blood to fire in the Cap-tain's heart.

"If that is your game," he said. "butch-er-ing wo-men and chil-dren, I will kill too."

With that he spur-red his horse in the di-rec-tion of the camp where the In-dians had left their squaws and pap-oos-es. With fiend-ish yells the In-dians followed; they shot his horse from un-der him, he him-self was bad-ly wound-ed, but in this wild me-lee he is said to have kill-ed eight In-dians. Bleed-ing and almost life-less he was drag-ged in-to the pres-ence of Mrs. Heald, where he was scalp-ed and his heart cut out, which was then slic-ed in-to a doz-en piec-es, and eat-en while it was yet warm, by these in-sa-ti-ate sav-a-ges.

All were mas-sa-cred but twen-ty-sev-en, who be-came pris-on-ers of war. Mr. Heald was cap-tured by one par-ty, and Mrs. Heald by an-oth-er. They were de-liv-er-ed to the Brit-ish at Mack-i-naw, but sub-se-quent-ly gain-ed their lib-er-ty. The on-ly land-mark that points out the scene of this aw-ful con-flict, is a large cot-ton-wood tree now stand-ing on 18th street, Chic-a-go, be-tween Prair-ie Av-e-nue and the lake.

CHAPTER XX.

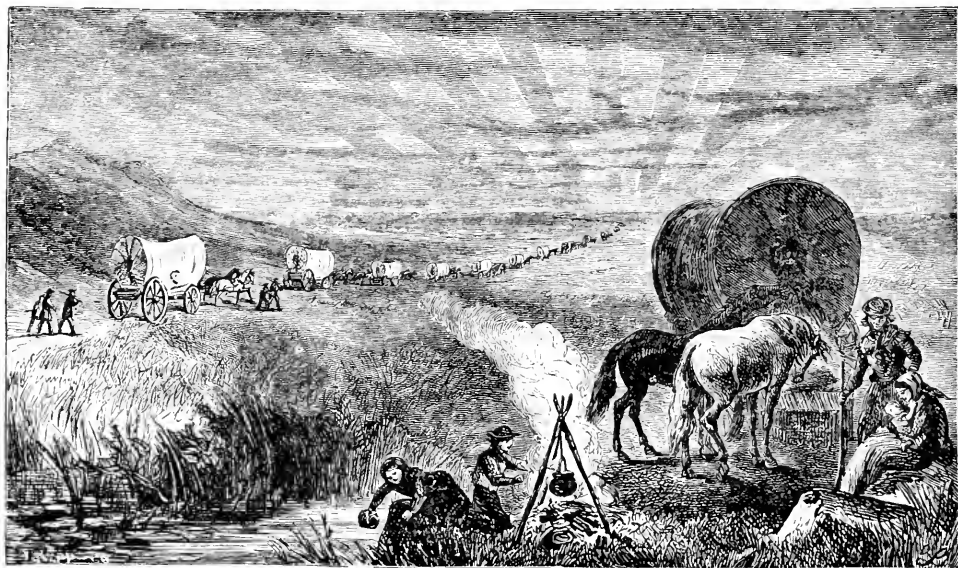
ILL-IN-OIS BE-COMES A STATE — PI-O-NEER DAYS.

In 1818 Ill-in-ois be-came one of the States of the U-ni-on. Its first Con-sti-tu-tion-al As-sem-bly was held at Kas-kas-ki-a, in Ju-ly, 1818. In Sep-tem-ber of the same year, Shad-rach Bond, of St. Clair, was e-lect-ed as the first Gov-ern-or of the State of Ill-in-ois, with Pierre Me-nard, of Ran-dolph, as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. These e-lec-tions were made with-out con-test.

We have now reach-ed the be-gin-ning of those vig-or-ous ro-man-tic times, known as "The Pi-o-neer Days."

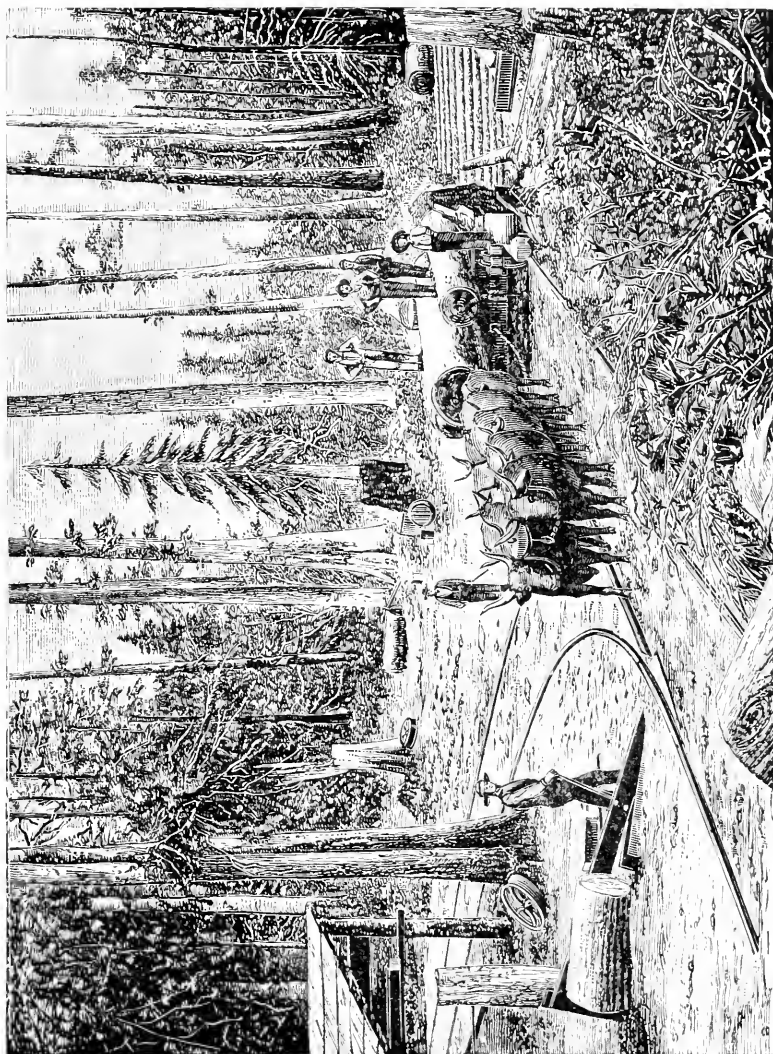
There are hun-dreds of el-der-ly men and wo-men liv-ing to-day in Ill-in-ois who have per-fect re-mem-brance of the stur-dy pi-o-neer days. The sto-ries they tell of those try-ing times are full of ro-mance and he-ro-ism. They tell of the days when pi-o-neers wa-ded through deep snows, more than a score of miles to mill or mar-ket. More time was of-ten ta-ken up in go-ing to mar-ket and re-turn-ing home than is now re-quir-ed to cross the con-ti-nent, or to go to Eu-rope and back.

When the pi-o-neer and his fam-i-ly ar-riv-ed in their strange and cum-ber-some wag-ons, not inapt-ly de-scrib-ed as "Prair-ie Schoon-ers," the first thing to set a-bo-ut was the build-ing of a cab-in. While this was be-ing done, the fam-i-ly slept in



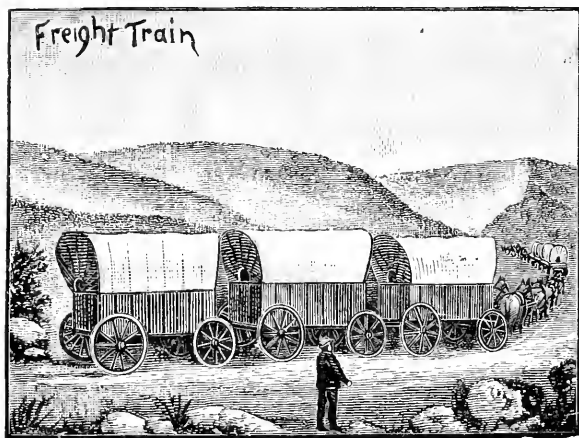
AN EM-I-GRANT TRAIN CROSS-ING THE PRAIR-IE.

the wag-ons or on the grass, while the hor-ses and mules, teth-er-ed to pre-vent es-cape, graz-ed on the grass a-round them. Trees of a suit-a-ble size were se-lect-ed, fell-ed, and pre-par-ed for their pla-ces. The day for the rais-ing was an-nounc-ed, and then, from far and near, the neigh-bors came to as-sist the strang-er in get-ting a home. These



LOG-ROLL-ING IN THE PI-O-NEER DAYS.

“rais-ing bees” were ver-y of-ten times of great mer-ri-ment. The struc-ture went up a log at a time, and soon the frame-work was read-y for the



clap-board roof, which was held on by huge weight poles. Places for doors and windows were then cut, the chim-ney was built, and then the cab-in was ready for oc-cu-pa-tion. Oth-

er mat-ters of de-tail fol-low-ed. The spa-ces be-tween the logs were fill-ed in with split sticks of wood call-ed “chinks” and then daub-ed o-ver, both in-side and out, with mor-tar made of clay. The floor was of-ten noth-ing more than earth, tramp-led hard and smooth. Some-times a wood-en floor was found made of split logs, with the split side turn-ed up-ward.

For a fire-place, a space was cut out of the wall on one side of the room, u-su-al-ly a-bout six feet in length, and three sides were built up of logs, ma-king an off-set in the wall. This was lin-ed with stone, where stone was plen-ti-ful, but

where stone was scarce, earth was used. The flue or up-per part of the chim-ney was built of small splitsticks, two and a half or three feet in length, car-ri-ed a lit-tle way a-bove the roof, and plas-ter-ed o-ver with clay, and when fir-ish-ed this was call-ed a “cob and clay” chim-ney.



STAGE COACH OF THE OLD DAYS.

The door space was made by cut-ting a hole in one side of the room of the re-quir-ed size, the door it-self being made of clap-boards se-cured by wood-en pins to two cross-pieces. The hing-es were also of wood, while the fas-ten-ings con-sist-ed of a wood-en latch catch-ing on a hook of the same ma-ter-i-al. To open the door from the out-side, a strip of buck-skin was tied to the latch, and drawn through a hole a few inch-es a-bove the latch-bar, so that on pull-ing the string the latch was lift-ed from the catch or hook, and the door was o-pened with-out fur-ther trou-b-le. To lock the door it was on-ly ne-ces-sa-ry to pull the string through the hole to the in-side. Here the fam-i-ly liv-ed, and here the guest and the wan-der-er were made wel-come.

The fur-ni-ture of these low-ly homes, if not of

el-e-gant de-sign, was of tough and en-dur-ing fi-bre. Ta-bles, bed-steads and chairs were hewn from the for-est trees. The box-es and bar-rels



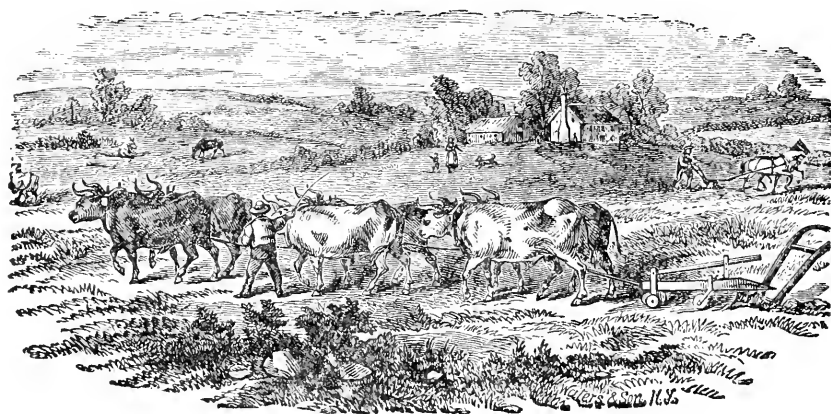
FA-CING A PRAIR-IE STORM.

that brought their sup-plies serv-ed as ma-ter-i-al for cup-boards and bu-reaus, for loung-es and shelves. And to this day there are relics of this prim-i-tive fur-ni-ture, here and there, to be found, that re-flect the high-est cred-it on the in-ge-nu-i-ty and skill of the un-daunt-ed set-tlers of Ill-in-ois.

In these days the chil-dren far-ed but rough-ly. They were not clad in fan-cy cos-tumes, nor fed on dain-ties, and when night came they were stow-ed a-way in low, dark at-tics, of-ten a-mongst the horns of the elk and the deer, and ver-y of-ten they were able, through the wide chinks in the clap-boards, to watch the twink-ling stars. These were days of hard and al-most cease-less work. The hours of la-bor were from sun-rise to sun-set, and in the win-ter time the work of-ten tres-pass-ed far in-to the night.

The cloth-ing of these ear-ly- pi-o-neers was in keep-ing with the sim-plic-i-ty of their homes. Ne-ces-si-ty com-pell-ed them to be ver-y care-ful. They were thank-ful when the cloth-ing was good and warm. "Dress" and "style" did not concern them. In sum-mer near-ly all per-sons, both male and fe-male, went bare-foot-ed. Buck-skin moc-ca-sins were much worn. Boys of twelve and fif-teen nev-er thought of wear-ing any-thing on their feet, ex-cept dur-ing the cold-est months of the year. Boots and shoes came with oth-er lux-u-ries of grow-ing pros-per-i-ty. The pi-o-neer farm-er was a man who had to work with steady pa-tience that nev-er dream-ed of giv-ing in. And not he a-lone, but his sons and daugh-ters, and e-ven his wife had to take full share of the cease-less

toil. The prair-ie had to be bro-ken. The earth was rich, but plow-ing and sow-ing must come, be-fore the har-vest could be gar-ner-ed. And the plow-ing, and the sow-ing, and the reap-ing must all be done by hand. The skill of the in-ven-tor



THE PI-O-NEER FARM-ER, FIF-TY YEARS A-GO.

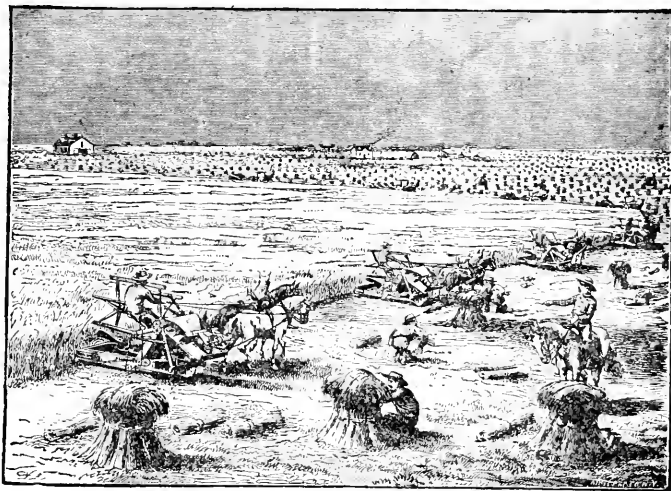
had not yet found its way in-to the fields. But things have great-ly chang-ed. All the ro-mance of the old har-vest days has gone. The march of in-ven-tion has turn-ed all the po-e-try to prose. We shall nev-er hear the old song again—

“Hur-rah for the ra-kers!
And the mer-ry hay-ma-kers!
And hur-rah for the mid-sum-mer sky!”

The ra-kers are no more! The mer-ry hay-ma-kers have be-come ma-chines! And all that is left

us, is the o-dor of the hay, and the beau-ti-ful mid-sum-mer sky.

These farm-hous-es, and “Cab-in homes of Ill-in-ois,” were in-hab-it-ed by a race of hard-work-ing, gen-er-ous, kind-heart-ed peo-ple. Love smil-ed in these lowly dwell-ings as sure-ly as in the pal-a-ces of Kings. The ear-ly home life of the prair-ies, so gen-u-ine,



A PRAIR-IE HAR-VEST FIELD IN 1888.

so cord-i-al, so sin-cere, has rear-ed and nur-tur-ed a race of men and wo-men of whom the State of Ill-in-ois, and A-mer-i-ca at large, has just oc-ca-sion to be proud. The kind of men, of whom the po-et Low-ell, says: “They have em-pires in their brains;” just the kind of men to build up a glo-ri-ous fu-ture for Ill-in-ois.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE YOUNG STATE MAKES WON-DER-FUL PRO-GRESS.

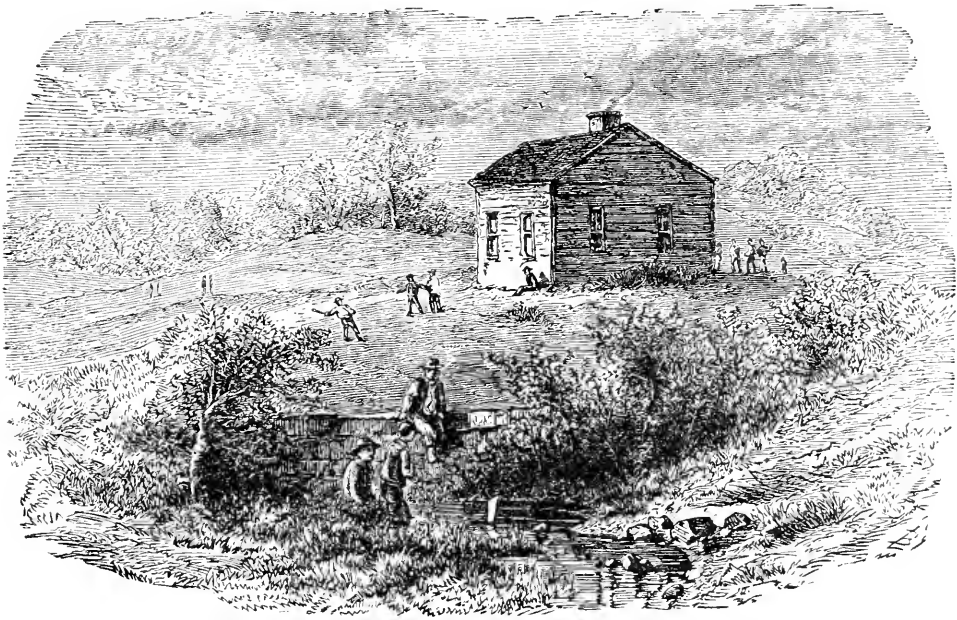
The State of Ill-in-ois is a gar-den four hundred miles long, and one hun-dred and fif-ty miles wide. Its soil is a black, sand-y loam, va-ry-ing from six inch-es to six-ty feet thick. This glor-i-ous Prair-ie State has with-in her-self the el-e-ments of all great-ness. She grows near-ly ev-er-y green thing to be found in tem-per-ate and trop-i-cal zones. It is de-clar-ed that near-ly four-fifths of the en-tire State is un-der-laid with a de-pos-it of coal, more than for-ty feet thick on the av-er-age. At the pres-ent rate of con-sump-tion, the coal in Ill-in-ois will last 120,000 years.

But the ma-te-ri-al wealth of a State is on-ly a part of her wealth. Her Ed-u-ca-tion-al ad-van-tages form one of the most im-por-tant of all the el-e-ments of her wealth.

Great hon-or is due to Judge Pope, who mov-ed for a per-cent-age of all lands sold, to be de-vo-ted to the ed-u-ca-tion of the young. A-mer-i-ca has al-ways been anx-i-ous that her sons and daugh-ters should be well hous-ed, well clad,

well fed, and well taught. And the State of Ill-in-ois has not lag-ged be-hind a hair's-breadth in this ver-y laud-a-ble am-bi-tion.

The old log school house of the pi-o-neer days was not ver-y or-nate. But it was a grand thing



SCHOOL HOUSE OF THE PI-O-NEER DAYS.

to see, spring-ing up on ev-er-y hill-side and dot-ting the prair-ies here and there, these mod-est homes of in-struc-tion.

The or-di-nance of 1787 con-se-cra-ted one-thir-ty-sixth of her soil to com-mon schools, and the law

of 1818, the first law that went up-on her stat-utes, gave three per cent of all the rest to ed-u-ca-tion.

The seat of gov-ern-ment was re-mov-ed from Kas-kas-ki-a to Van-da-li-a, and there the sec-ond as-sem-bly of the State Leg-is-la-ture was con-ven-ed on the 4th of De-cem-ber, 1820.

Ill-in-ois now be-gan to fill up with great rapid-i-ty. Em-i-grants from all lands flock-ed to the fruit-ful West. Eu-ro-pe-an coun-tries were steep-ed in pov-er-ty through the e-nor-mous war debts that had been con-tract-ed. And thou-sands of earn-est, in-dus-tri-ous peo-ple, who were dis-cour-ag-ed at the pros-pects that lay be-fore them, turn-ed their fac-es hope-ful-ly to the Gold-en West.

In the year 1821, the Leg-is-la-ture of Ill-in-ois was a-ble to add sev-en new coun-ties to the nine-teen al-read-y form-ed, name-ly: Fay-ette, Mont-gom-ery, Greene, Sang-a-mon, Pike, Law-rence, and Ham-il-ton.

In 1822, Mr. Ed-ward Coles was e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or, and A-dol-phus S. Hub-bard, Lieuten-ant-Gov-ern-or. Gov-ern-or Coles was a brave, un-com-pro-mis-ing foe of slav-er-y. He had o-rig-i-nal-ly been a plan-ter in Vir-gin-i-a. When he mov-ed to Ill-in-ois he e-man-ci-pat-ed his slaves, giv-ing to each a piece of land that they might call

their own. Most of his of-fi-cial ca-reer was de-vot-ed to the slav-er-y ques-tion.

In 1825 Gen-e-ral La-fay-ette, the friend of Wash-ing-ton, vis-it-ed Ill-in-ois. He was giv-en a most flat-ter-ing re-cep-tion at Kas-kas-ki-a and Shaw-nee-town. He lit-er-al-ly walk-ed up-on a path-way of flow-ers, strewn by the hands of mer-ry lit-tle maid-ens.

Nin-i-an Ed-wards was el-ect-ed Gov-ern-or in 1826, with Will-i-am Kin-ney as Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or. These were suc-ceed-ed in 1830 by John Rey-nolds, for Gov-ern-or, and Za-dok Ca-sey, for Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

This mem-or-a-ble con-flict a-rose from the fail-ure of Black Hawk to a-bide by the con-tracts in-to which he had free-ly en-ter-ed. A large tract of land was bought from the Sacs and Fox-es by the Gov-ern-ment, in 1804, Gen-er-al Har-ri-son con-duct-ing the treat-y. In a con-fer-ence with Gov-ern-or Ed-wards, in 1815, this treat-y was con-firm-ed by Black Hawk, a Chief of the Sacs, and by Ke-o-kuk.

In 1830, the dep-re-da-tions of the Sacs and Fox-es had reach-ed such a pitch that they were or-der-ed to re-main west of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. Black Hawk grew res-tive, and de-clar-ed him-self in re-bell-ious terms. He said the chiefs who sign-ed the treat-y were first made drunk, and then were per-suad-ed to sign the treat-y with-out know-ing what it meant.

All this was de-ni-ed by Ke-o-kuk, who de-clar-ed the treat-y was just, and re-fus-ed to join Black Hawk in his re-bell-ion.

But Black Hawk was res-o-lute, and on the 14th of May, 1832, he ap-pear-ed on the east-ern bank of the Mis-sis-sip-pi with 300 war-ri-ors. A large force was at once thrown in-to the field, and Black Hawk was de-feat-ed. On the 24th of June Black Hawk was a-gain re-puls-ed by Ma-jor De-mont, be-tween Rock riv-er and Ga-le-na. The troops con-tin-u-ed to move up the Rock riv-er, and on the 21st of Ju-ly an-oth-er en-gage-ment took place near the Blue Mounds, and Black Hawk was a-gain de-feat-ed. The fall-en Chief, with twen-ty of his braves, fled up the Wis-con-sin riv-er. But they were cap-tur-ed by the Win-ne-ba-goes, who, anx-i-ous of se-cur-ing the friend-ship of the Whites, de-liv-er-ed them in-to the hands of Gen-er-al Street, the U-ni-ted States In-dian A-gent.



BLACK HAWK.

They were then taken to Wash-ington and made pris-on-ers in For-tress Mon-roë.

After a time Black Hawk was re-leas-ed. He went to Des Moines, Iowa, where he built a home, and de-vo-ted him-self to farm-ing, hunt-ing and fish-ing. He died on the 3d of Oc-to-ber, 1838, and was bur-i-ed in a grave six feet deep, in a sit-ting pos-ture. He wore a suit of clothes giv-en him by the Pres-i-dent while in Wash-ington, and his right hand rest-ed up-on a cane giv-en him by Hen-ry Clay, which he wish-ed to have bur-i-ed with him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHAB-BO-NA, A FRIEND-LY IN-DIAN.

Ter-ri-ble, re-lent-less and bit-ter, as was the en-mi-ty of man-y of the In-dians to the white set-tlers, there were some praise-worth-y ex-cep-tions.

One of the most hon-or-ed of all the In-dians of Ill-in-ois, of this pe-ri-od, was Shab-bo-na, who was born at an In-dian vil-lage on the Kan-ka-kee riv-er, in the year 1775. He liv-ed to the ex-treme age of 83 years, dy-ing at Sen-e-ca, in Grundy Coun-ty, on the 17th of Ju-ly, 1859. He was the

true friend of the white man, and through him man-y of the ear-ly set-tlers of Ill-in-ois owe the pres-er-va-tion of life and prop-er-ty. He made en-em-ies a-mongst his own peo-ple, be-cause of his friend-ship for the white peo-ple. It is more than prob-a-ble that but for his gen-er-ous warn-ing, hun-dreds of men and wo-men would have fall-en vic-tims to the tom-a-hawks of mer-ci-less and in-hu-man brutes. Black Hawk him-self said, when a pris-on-er, that had it not been for Shab-bo-na, the whole Pott-a-wat-o-mie tribe would have join-ed his stand-ard, and he could have con-tin-u-ed the war for years.

By guard-ing the lives of the Whites he en-dang-er-ed his own, for the Sacs and Fox-es threat-en-ed to kill him, and made two at-tempts to car-ry out their threats. They kill-ed Pype-o-gee his son, and Pyps his ne-phew, and hunt-ed him as if he had been a wild beast of the for-est. In his old age he was rob-bed of his two sec-tions of land, be-cause he had



SHAB-BO-NA.

gone west for a short time. But such was the respect in which he was held, that the cit-i-zens of Ot-ta-wa raised mon-ey and bought him a tract of land on the Ill-in-ois riv-er, on which they built him a house, and sup-plied him with the means of liv-ing. He had a peace-ful old age, and was bur-i-ed with great pomp in the cem-e-ter-y at Mor-ris. His squaw was drown-ed five years after-wards, in Ma-zen Creek, Grun-dy Coun-ty, and was bur-i-ed by the side of her hon-or-ed and a-ged hus-band.

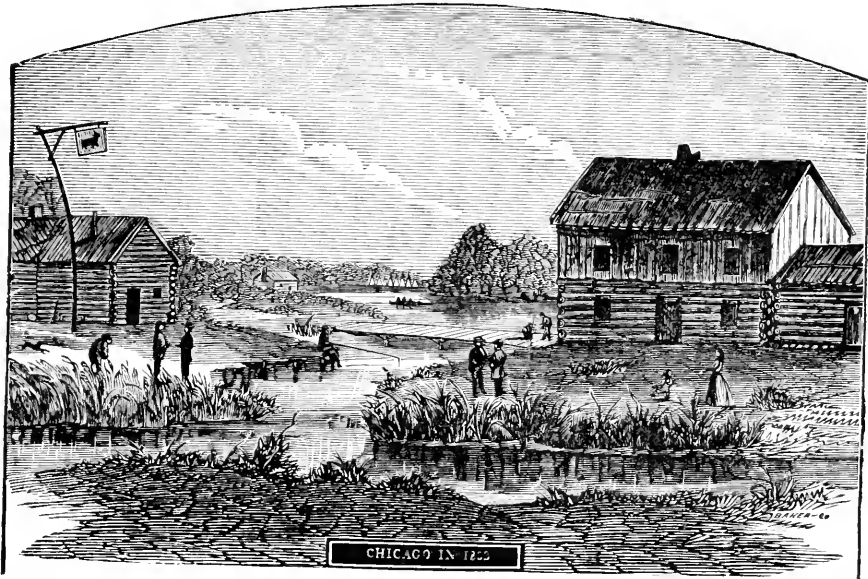
CHAP-TER XXIV.

STIR-RING TRAG-IC DAYS.

In the fall of 1834 Jo-seph Dun-can was e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or, and Alex-an-der M. Jen-kins, Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or. Set-tlers flock-ed in-to Ill-in-ois by hun-dreds. Peace had been made with the In-dian tribes, and there seem-ed to be ev-er-y pros-pect of good times. Pub-lic im-prove-ments were made on a large scale. The Ill-in-ois and Mich-i-gan Ca-nal scheme was put in mo-tion. Pro-vis-ions were made for rail-roads to be built from Ga-le-na to the O-hi-o, from Al-ton to Shaw-

nee-town, from Quincy through Springfield to the Wa-bash riv-er, and from Pe-o-ri-a to War-saw. The Kas-kas-ki-a, the Lit-tle Wa-bash, the Ill-in-ois and the Rock riv-ers were to be thor-ough-ly dredg-ed.

Of Chic-a-go, the most won-der-ful city of this mod-ern age, we shall have to speak more at length



CHIC-A-GO IN 1833.

la-ter on. What Chic-a-go look-ed like in 1833, we may gath-er from the a-bove il-lus-tra-tion.

In 1836, and in De-cem-ber of that year, the Tenth Gen-er-al As-sem-bly was held at Van-da-lia, and to this great gath-er-ing came two of the

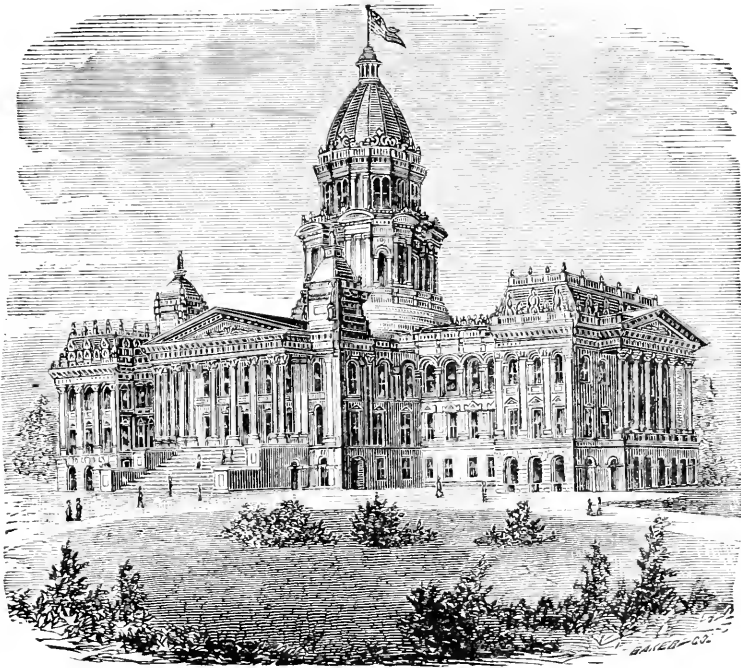
great-est men Ill-in-ois has ev-er seen — A-bra-ham Lin-coln and Ste-phen A. Doug-las.

A-bout this time, by a mu-tu-al a-gree-ment, the Pott-a-wat-o-mies, the last of the In-dian tribes, pass-ed a-way from Ill-in-ois. They came once a year to Chic-a-go, and re-ceiv-ed their an-nu-i-ty of \$30,000, in goods, for the land they had sold, and now, af-ter a con-fer-ence of two weeks, they sold all their lands east of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, and cross-ing to the west-ern shore of that might-y riv-er, they left their na-tive hunt-ing grounds for-ev-er.

Thom-as Car-lin was the next Gov-ern-or, and S. H. An-der-son his Lieu-ten-ant, e-lect-ed in 1838. After a long and fierce con-test the Cap-i-tal was re-mov-ed from Van-da-li-a to Spring-field, in 1839.

The ques-tion of slav-er-y was now be-gin-nig to ag-i-tate the whole coun-try, and Ill-in-ois was soon deep-ly in-ter-est-ed in the mat-ter; and it is a sad thing to have to tell, but so strong and deep was the feel-ing, that one of the best of men was mur-der-ed for his o-pin-ions. The Rev. E-li-jah P. Love-joy start-ed a pa-per in St. Lou-is, in which he spoke very strong-ly a-gainst slav-er-y. He found that in or-der to be safe he must move from St. Lou-is; so he went to Al-ton, where he spoke e-ven-ly more strong-ly and de-ci-ded-ly a-gainst

the ter-ri-ble wrong. The an-ger of the slav-er-y par-ty knew no bounds. Three of his press-es were de-stroy-ed, and in en-deav-or-ing to de-fend a fourth, in com-pa-ny with a num-ber of his



STATE HOUSE, SPRING-FIELD.

friends, he was shot dead. Five balls were found lodg-ed in his bod-y. The pow-er of the au-thor-i-ties was laugh-ed to scorn, the press was thrown in-to the riv-er, and the build-ing set on fire.

An-oth-er sad se-ries of e-vents trans-pir-ed a lit-tle la-ter on. The Mor-mons or "Lat-ter Day

Saints," who have long been a thorn in the side of A-mer-i-ca, came in a body to Ill-in-ois in the years 1839 and 1840. They were re-ceiv-ed as suf-fer-ers in the cause of re-lig-ion, and were per-mit-ted to set-tle in Han-cock Coun-ty, where they soon built a city which they call-ed Nau-voo. These strange peo-ple were made too much of, and had too much of their own way. They had sol-diers of their own which they call-ed "The Nau-voo Le-gion," which was in-de-pend-ent of the State Mi-li-tia, and ac-count-a-ble on-ly to the Gov-ern-or of the State. Jo-seph Smith, the lead-er of the Mor-mons, who pre-tend-ed al-so to have vis-ions and dreams from heav-en, was a ty-rant. Soon troub-le sprung up a-mong these peo-ple, and a most shame-ful state of things fol-low-ed. Mob law and vi-o-lence reign-ed su-preme. On the 27th of June, 1845, a num-ber of des-per-ate men at Carth-age, near Nau-voo, broke in a-mong the Mor-mon lead-ers. Hi-ram Smith, Tay-lor and Rich-ards, three men who were on a vis-it, were kill-ed, and the proph-et, Jo-seph Smith, was drag-ged from un-der a bed and shot dead. A se-ries of most dis-grace-ful out-rag-es fol-low-ed, but in the fall of this year the Mor-mons were driv-en from Ill-in-ois.

CHAPTER XXV.

RAPID STRIDES. 1846—1860.

The Fifteenth Annual Assembly met on the 7th of December, 1846, with Augustus C. French as Governor, and Joseph B. Wells as Lieutenant-Governor. At this time the United States was engaged in the Mexican War. Already the troops of the 1st and 2d Illinois soldiers had gone forth, at the call of duty, to join General Taylor's army at Santa Rosa. But the scorching heat, the change of food, and the long marches, wrought sad havoc in the troops before the fighting began. When the tug of war came at Buena Vista, these brave boys from the prairies gave full proof of their valor. The 3d and 4th Illinois troops did valiant service in the battles of Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo.

The Illinois and Michigan Canal was completed, and navigation began in 1848. In 1850, Congress granted to Illinois 3,000,000 acres of land for the building of the Illinois Central railroad. Work was begun in earnest soon after the grant was made.

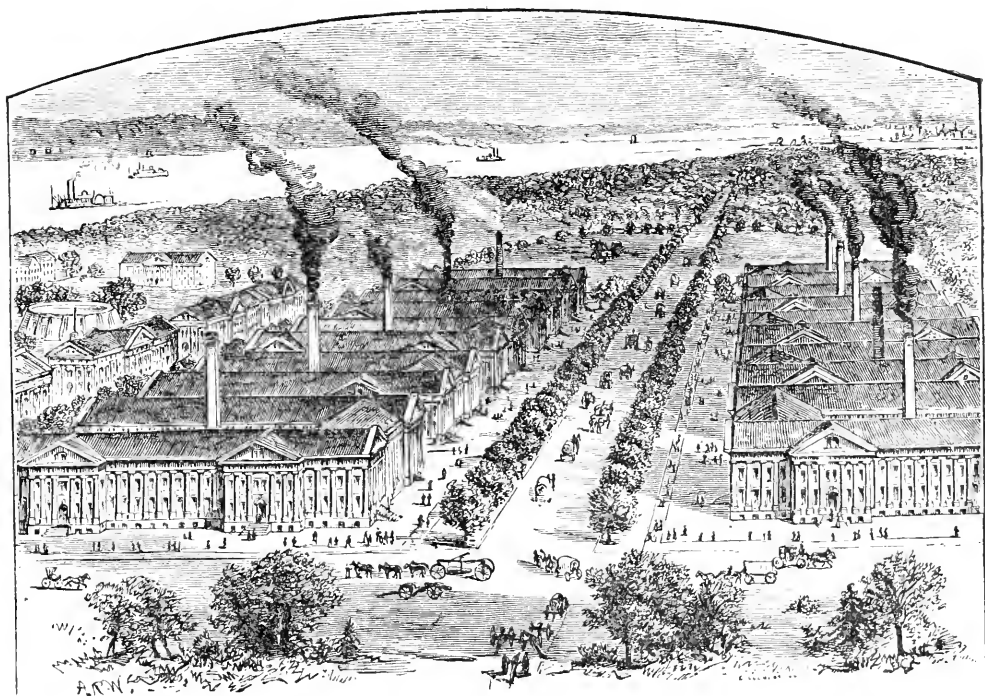
In 1853, Jo-el A. Mat-te-son was e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or, and Gus-tav-us Kær-ner was made Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. The build-ing of the great Cen-tral rail-road found work for thou-sands of men, and all a-long the line of the road new set-tle-ments sprang up. In less than four years the pop-u-la-tion of Ill-in-ois rose from 851,470 to 1,711,955.

It was while Mr. Mat-te-son was Gov-ern-or of Ill-in-ois, that the Free Schools, of which we are so just-ly proud, were es-tab-lish-ed. The of-fice of Su-per-in-ten-dent of In-struc-tion was cre-a-ted, and Mr. Nin-i-an W. Ed-wards was the first to fill that hon-or-a-ble post.

The tem-per-ance ques-tion now be-gan to stir the pub-lic mind. The plan of forc-ing up-on the peo-ple laws some-thing like the "Maine Law," met with great dis-fa-vor. In Chic-a-go the sa-loon men, who were then pay-ing \$300 a year for their li-cen-ses, grew wild, and said if these laws were pass-ed they would pay no more tax-es. Some of the lead-ers of the sa-loon el-e-ment vi-o-la-ted ex-ist-ing laws, and re-fus-ing to pay the fines charg-ed a-gainst them, were ar-rest-ed. While their tri-als were in pro-gress, a mob came to their res-cue, and a wild ri-ot en-su-ed, in which sev-er-al were kill-ed, and man-y ver-y bad-ly wound-ed. So se-ri-ous was

the state of af-fairs that the city was put un-der mar-tial law.

There can be no doubt that a ver-y strong sen-ti-ment in fa-vor of tem-per-ance was spread-ing



U-NI-TED STATES AR-SEN-AL AND AR-MO-RY AT ROCK IS-LAND, WITH THE
MIS-SIS-SIP-PI IN THE DIS-TANCE.

a-mongst the peo-ple gen-er-al-ly. Whis-ky had al-read-y wrought sad ru-in in the homes of the set-tlers, and was threat-en-ing to blight the fair prom-i-ses of this grow-ing State. But it does not seem as if the course ta-ken by the warm ad-vo-cates of

tem-per-ance was real-ly the wis-est. They turned in-to bit-ter and fierce an-tag-o-nists, the men who made their liv-ing by this traf-fic. Had they de-vo-ted them-selves more to meth-ods of kind-ly per-sua-sion, they would most like-ly have help-ed on much bet-ter the cause that was so dear to their hearts. But the tem-per-ance ques-tion was soon lost sight of in the pres-ence of a grav-er dif-fi-cul-ty, that, like a gath-er-ing cloud, soon dark-en-ed all the land.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GATH-ER-ING STORM. HON. STE-PHEN A. DOUG-LAS.

There are some great ques-tions that will force their way to the front. You may mur-der the men who ad-vo-cate them, but you will not by any such means keep them long in the back-ground. Since the mur-der of Love-joy, the ques-tion of slav-er-y had be-come a com-mon theme of con-ver-sa-tion. It was not Ill-in-ois on-ly, but the whole coun-try that was now ag-i-tat-ed, and wise men ev-er-y-where felt that the day of com-pro-mise was pass-ed for-ev-er.

In this de-bate, Steph-en A. Doug-las took so

im-port-ant a part that it will not be out of place to pre-sent a ver-y brief sketch of his ca-reer.

Sen-a-tor Doug-las was born at Bran-don, Ver-mont, in 1813. He com-menc-ed his ed-u-ca-tion

at the A-cad-e-my at Bran-don, and af-ter-wards he stud-i-ed at Can-an-dai-gua, New York. Thence he re-mov-ed to Ill-in-ois, and like many oth-er great A-mer-i-cans, he spent a brief pe-ri-od in teach-ing school. In 1834 he was call-ed to the bar, and from that time his



THE HON. STE-PHEN A. DOUG-LAS.

course was up-ward as well as on-ward. He was ap-point-ed to the post of Re-gis-trar of the U-ni-

ted States Land Of-fice, at Spring-field, in 1837; he be-came Sec-re-ta-ry of State in 1840; he was e-lect-ed a Judge of the Su-preme Court in 1841. He serv-ed in Con-gress in 1843, 1845, and 1847. He was e-lect-ed to the Sen-ate of the U-ni-ted States in 1847.

In May, 1874, Sen-a-tor Doug-las had made him-self fa-mous by the in-tro-duc-tion of the cel-e-bra-ted "Squat-ter Sov-er-eign-ty" bill. This stirred to the ver-y depths the friends of the Sen-a-tor, and the foes of slav-er-y. His friends were proud of his el-o-quence and a-bil-i-ty, and an-ti-slav-er-y men felt he was an op-po-nent not to be tri-fled with. Par-ty feel-ing ran so high that the life of Doug-las was threat-en-ed. But he was a brave and fear-less man, and on one oc-ca-sion he con-front-ed a mob of 10,000 peo-ple, and for four hours stood with fold-ed arms, un-daunt-ed, in spite of the most fran-tic hiss-ing and yell-ing.

At the e-lec-tion of 1859, the slav-er-y ques-tion was the one great is-sue. Steph-en A. Doug-las and A-bra-ham Lin-coln en-ter-ed the a-re-na as lead-ers of the op-pos-ing par-ties, and a great contest fol-low-ed, the whole his-tory of which de-serves the care-ful stud-y of ev-er-y pa-tri-ot-ic A-mer-i-can. These were might-y foe-men, and the cause at is-sue call-ed forth their great pow-ers

to the ut-ter-most. In re-sponse to a chal-lenge sent to Doug-las by Lin-coln, a se-ries of pub-lic dis-cus-sions was ar-rang-ed, and in the au-tumn of 1858, sev-en of the great-est de-bates ev-er con-duct-ed in any land took place in Ot-ta-wa, Free-port, Jones-bor-o, Charles-ton, Gales-burg, Quincy and Al-ton. Hap-pi-ly, these o-ral de-bates have been pre-serv-ed in book form, and they con-stitute an im-port-ant part of the class-ics of A-mer-i-can his-to-ric lit-er-a-ture.

Mr. Doug-las won the bat-tle for the Sen-a-tor-ship, but this con-test gave A-mer-i-ca her great E-man-ci-pa-tor.

When the war of the Re-bell-ion broke out, Mr. Doug-las gave Lin-coln his un-grudg-ing sup-port in all his ef-forts to main-tain the U-ni-on, and said he would stand firm-ly by him in his hour of per-il.

This dis-tin-guish-ed man died at the Tre-mont House, Chic-a-go, on the 3d of June, 1861. Chic-a-go and the whole na-tion mourn-ed his loss. A co-los-sal mon-u-ment marks his rest-ing place on the south-ern side of the city of Chic-a-go, not far from the spot where he spent so man-y hap-py years, and not far from the scene of the Dear-born Fort mas-sa-cre.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WAR OF THE RE-BELL-ION — A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

Gov-ern-or Mat-te-son and Lieu-ten-ant Kœr-ner were suc-ceed-ed, in 1857, by W. H. Bis-sell as Gov-ern-or, and John Wood as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. Bis-sell died on the 18th of March, 1860, and Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or Wood be-came his suc-ces-sor for a term of ten months.

On the 7th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1861, the Twen-ty-sec-ond As-sem-bly met, with Rich-ard Yates as Gov-ern-or, and Fran-cis A. Hoff-man as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or.

The times grew troub-lous. With the e-lec-tion of A-bra-ham Lin-coln to the Pres-i-den-cy, it was clear to all the world that the long-gath-er-ing storm must burst. The ques-tion of slav-er-y was to be set-tled once for all, and set-tled by means, and in a man-ner, none could fore-see.

The ca-reer of A-bra-ham Lin-coln is full to the brim of sim-ple ro-mance. So much has been writ-ten, and said, and sung, of his great life, that on-ly the ver-y brief-est out-line is need-ed in these pa-ges.



A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

A-bra-ham Lin-coln was born in Har-din Coun-ty, Ken-tuck-y, on the 12th of Feb-ru-a-ry, 1809. His pa-rents were poor. His home was low-ly. His moth-er, who was of a re-fin-ed and



EAR-LY HOME OF A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

gen-tle na-ture, a-woke in the heart of her young son those firm re-solves and gen-tle im-pul-ses, that made him in af-ter years, so strong and brave, so firm and true. A-bra-ham was but ten years old when his moth-er died; but speak-ing of her in the la-ter years of his life, he said: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my an-gel moth-er—bless-ings on her mem-o-ry."

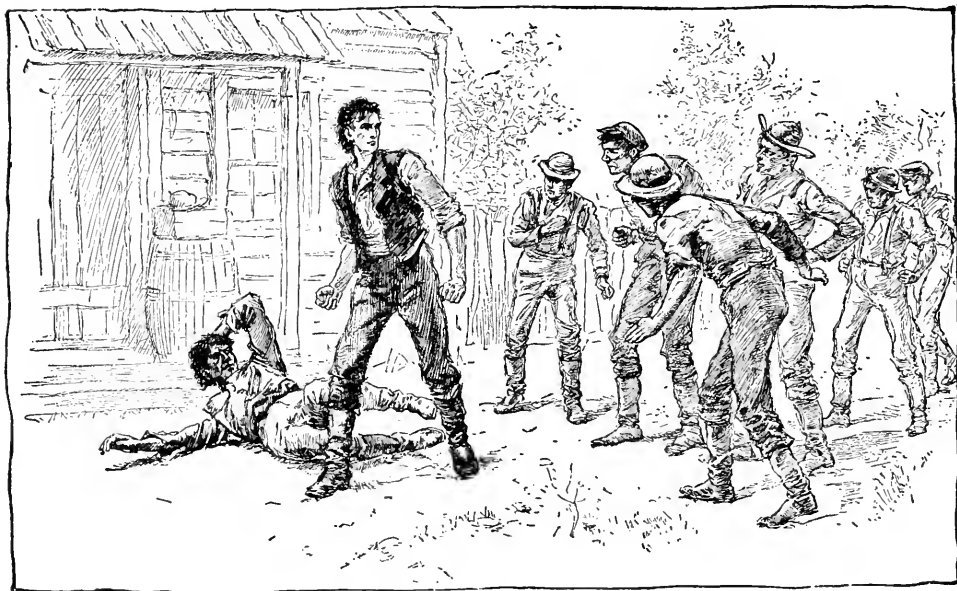
There were not many books in that old Kentucky home, but we may be sure they were good books, and the boy Lincoln pondered them well. The training in the log cabin in the woods was perhaps, after all, the best kind of training, for the sturdy work that lay before this tall, gaunt son of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln.

Lincoln remained with his father, working on the farm, till he was twenty-one years of age, when he came to Illinois. He spent the first year of his sojourn in this State in Macon County. He then removed to New Salem, then in Sangamon but now in Menard County, where he was engaged as clerk in a store.

An interesting story of Lincoln's early days at New Salem is told, well worth recording here. At Clary's Grove, near New Salem, there was a group of rough, fighting fellows who thought they would "take Lincoln down a peg," as they said. Jack Armstrong, the bully of the band, was to have the honor of laying Lincoln low. The crowd gathered to see the sport, but Lincoln stood his ground. Jack Armstrong was getting the worst of it, when he resorted to foul play, where-upon, Lincoln put forth all his strength, shook his opponent like a rat, and then threw him over his head. The crowd closed in on

Lin-coln, but Jack, who was at heart a man-ly fellow, cried: "Boys! Abe Lin-coln is the best fellow that ever broke in-to this set-tle-ment! He shall be one of us!"

Lin-coln and Arm-strong were good friends

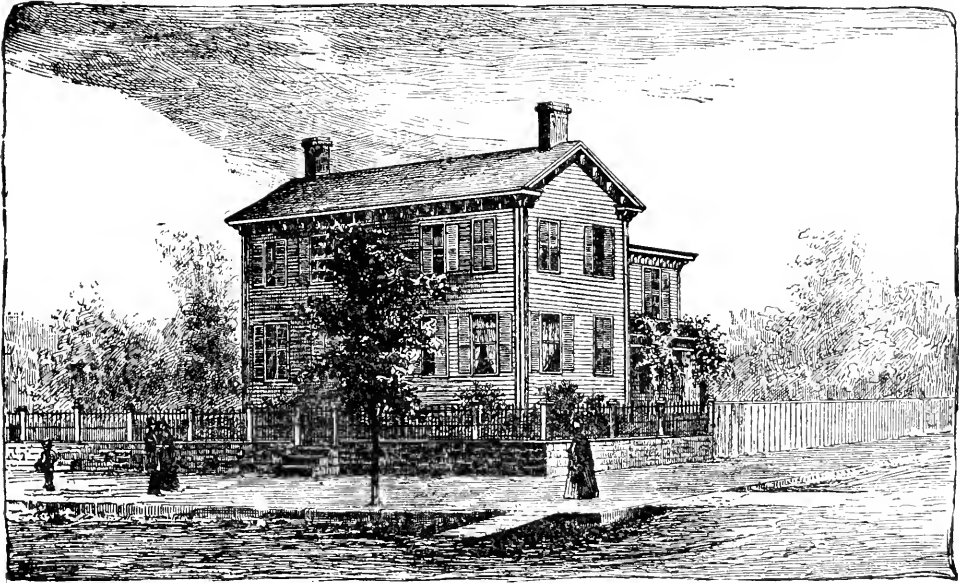


"BOYS, ABE LIN-COLN IS THE BEST FEL-LOW IN THIS SET-TLE-MENT!"

ev-er af-ter, and the Cla-ry Grove boys made a fa-vor-ite of the strong-arm-ed wrest-ler.

In 1830, Lin-coln was a vol-un-teeer in the Black Hawk War, and went to the front, but never went in-to ac-tion. In 1834, he serv-ed one term in the Leg-is-la-ture of Ill-in-ois, af-ter which

he de-vot-ed him-self to the stud-y of the law, and in 1837 he was ad-mit-ted to the bar. In 1846 he was e-lect-ed to Con-gress. He was not a can-di-date for re-e-lec-tion. He now made his home in Spring-field, and de-vot-ed him-self for a num-ber



LIN-COLN'S HOME IN SPRING-FIELD.

of years to his law bus-i-ness. In 1858 came his con-test for the Sen-a-tor-ship in op-po-si-tion to Steph-en A. Doug-las. It was in this con-test that the fa-mous de-bates took place to which we have re-fer-red in a pre-vi-ous chap-ter. Since the days when Cic-e-ro thun-der-ed in the Ro-man for-um

there has been noth-ing to com-pare with this great o-ral dis-cus-sion be-tween Lin-coln and Doug-las.

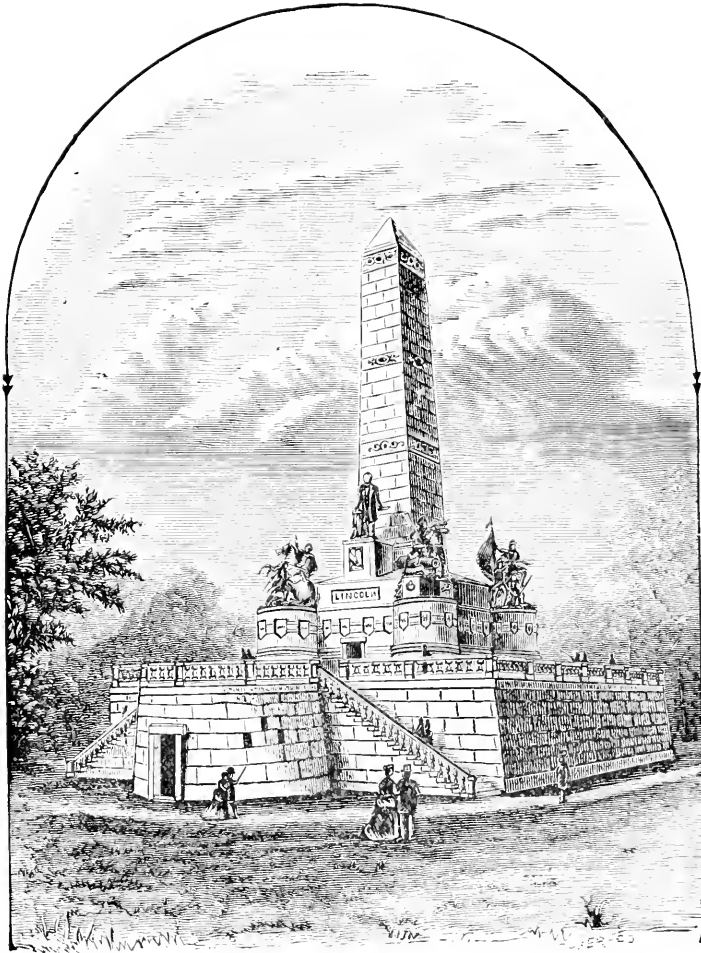
On the 4th of March, 1861, A-bra-ham Lin-coln was in-aug-u-ra-ted Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. The storm had burst. The slave-la-bor States were in re-bell-ion under the lead of Jef-fer-son Da-vis.

On the 14th of A-pril, 1861, Lin-coln is-su-ed a call for sol-diers to put down the re-bell-ion and main-tain the U-ni-on. How that call was an-swer-ed, and how brave a part Ill-in-ois play-ed in that aw-ful strife will form the theme of an-oth-er chap-ter.

The his-to-ry of Lin-coln's ad-min-is-tra-tion is one of the most glo-ri-ous pa-ges of A-mer-i-can his-to-ry. Nev-er were du-ties more dif-fi-cult, nev-er were they more brave-ly dis-charg-ed.

On the 22d of Sep-tem-ber, 1862,—a great red let-ter day in the world's his-to-ry,—Lin-coln is-su-ed the Proc-la-ma-tion of E-man-ci-pa-tion. He rang the great bell of Free-dom, and its mu-sic e-cho-ed round the world! At the sound of that bell slav-er-y died, and four mill-ions of slaves be-came free!

At last the dread-ful war end-ed, and at its close, Lin-coln ut-ter-ed his mess-age of peace, that should be deep grav-en in the hearts of all true



THE LIN-COLN MON-U-MENT, AT SPRING-FIELD. 163

A-mer-i-cans: "With mal-ice to-ward none, with char-i-ty for all; with firm-ness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to fin-ish the work we are in; to bind up the na-tion's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the bat-tle, and for his wid-ow and or-phans; to do all which we may a-chieve and cher-ish a just and last-ing peace a-mong our-selves and with all na-tions."

Scarce-ly a month pass-ed by af-ter the ut-ter-ance of these im-mor-tal words, be-fore the bul-let of an as-sas-sin crash-ed through Lin-coln's brain; and on the 14th of A-pril, 1865, all the world bow-ed its head in sor-row for A-mer-i-ca's mar-tyr-ed chief.

A brief quo-ta-tion from the po-et Low-ell, will fit-ly close this sketch:

"How beau-ti-ful to see
Once more a shep-herd of man-kind in-deed
Who lov-ed his charge, but nev-er lov-ed to lead;
One whose meek flock the peo-ple joy-ed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear grain-ed hu-man worth
And brave old wis-dom of sin-cer-i-ty!

* * * * * * *

Our chil-dren shall be-hold his fame,
The kind-ly, earn-est, brave, fore-see-ing man;
Sa-ga-cious, pa-tient, dread-ing praise—not blame—
New birth of our new soil—The First A-mer-i-can."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAR OF THE RE-BELL-ION—GRANT AND LO-GAN.

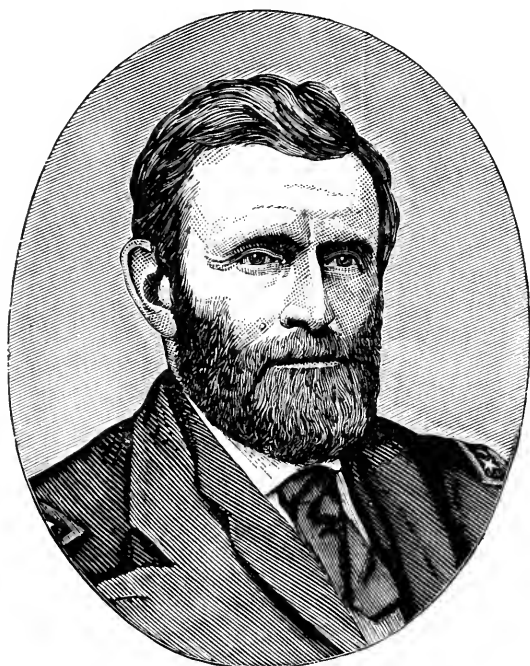
The War of the Re-bell-ion made large demands for all sorts of men, and all sorts of talents. It need-ed the clear brain, and the calm, firm purpose of such men as A-bra-ham Lin-coln; and it need-ed the pru-dence and death-less val-or of such men as U-lyss-es Simp-son Grant.

We need not won-der that the men of Ill-in-ois re-lect with pride up-on the fact, that in the great cri-sis of their coun-try's his-to-ry, this State pro-vi-ded the sa-ga-cious Lin-coln to guide af-fairs in Wash-ing-ton, and the cour-age-ous Grant,—the he-ro of the great Re-bell-ion,—to lead the hosts to vic-to-ry. As long as the A-mer-i-can na-tion lasts, the fame of these two men will glow with ev-er bright-en-ing lus-tre.

“Be-hind their forms, the form of Time is found,
His scythe re-vers-ed and both his pin-ions bound.”

Grant was born at Point Pleas-ant, Cler-mont Coun-ty, O-hi-o, on the 27th of A-pril, 1822. His boy-hood was not ver-y e-vent-ful. He was ed-u-cated at West Point. In 1846 he took part in

the war with Mex-i-co, do-ing brave ser-vice at the bat-tles of Pa-lo Al-to and Re-sac-a de la Palm-a. In Sep-tem-ber of this year he was made a Cap-tain



U. S. Grant

for his brav-er-y at Che-pul-te-pec. He was sta-tion-ed for a time at De-troit. In 1859 he came to Ga-le-na and serv-ed as a clerk in a store, at the mag-nif-fi-cent sal-a-ry of fif-ty dol-lars a month!

When the war broke out, he pre-si-ded at the first meet-ing at Gales-burg call-ed to raise a com-pa-ny. He was ap-point-ed com-mand-er of the Twen-ty-

first Ill-in-ois reg-i-ment by Gov-ern-or Yates. He was made a Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al in 1861, and from that point he rose to the chief com-mand of the Ar-my of the U-ni-ted States. The his-to-ry of the Civ-il War is the his-to-ry of his he-ro-ic deeds. On the 9th of A-pril, 1865, he re-ceiv-ed the sword of

Gen-er-al Lee, who sur-ren-der-ed at Ap-pom-a-tox Court House, Vir-gin-i-a. The war was end-ed, and Grant then ut-ter-ed the strong de-sire that will al-ways be as-so-ci-a-ted with his name: "Let us have peace!"

In Ju-ly, 1866, Con-gress cre-a-ted the new or-der of "Gen-er-al of the Ar-my," to which Grant was at once ap-point-ed.

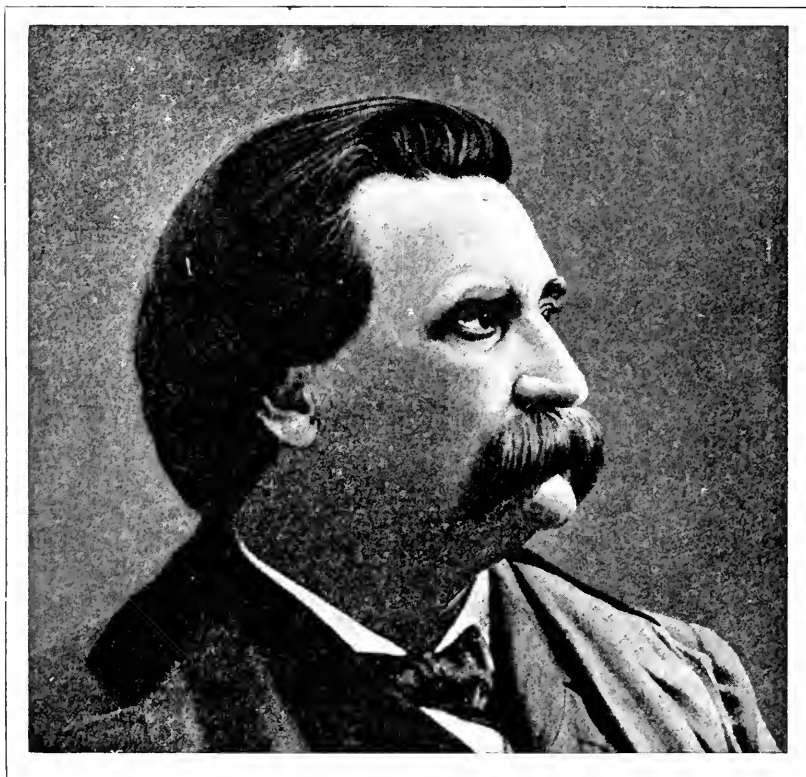
The pride of the ar-my, now be-came the i-dol of the peo-ple, and the high-est place the coun-try had to of-fer was giv-en to him. He was e-lect-ed Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States in No-vem-ber, 1868, and in 1872 he was e-lect-ed to fill the of-fice for a sec-ond term.

In May, 1877, he start-ed for a grand tour round the world. He re-turn-ed in Sep-tem-ber, 1879. His jour-ney was one long pro-ces-sion, in which the na-tions of the earth vi-ed with each oth-er in of-fer-ing hon-or and hom-age fit for a king in state, to this qui-et, un-as-sum-ing A-mer-i-can.

Af-ter a pro-tract-ed ill-ness, Gen-er-al Grant died at Mount McGreg-or, New York, on the 23d of Ju-ly, 1885. The gal-lant sol-dier had look-ed up-on death without flinch-ing a thou-sand times, and when his end came and death drew near, he bow-ed his head and died in peace.

An-oth-er name full-y worth-y to stand side by

side with that of Grant, is the name of Gen-er-al John A. Lo-gan. He was born at Mur-phys-borough, near Browns-ville, Jack-son Coun-ty, Ill-in-ois,



GEN. JOHN A. LO-GAN.

Feb-ru-a-ry 9th, 1826. He was a war-ri-or of the daunt-less or-der, to whom per-il be-comes a sub-lime in-spi-ra-tion. It would be a ver-y hard task to find a more ro-man-tic sto-ry than this brave sol-dier's life af-fords. The mere men-tion of his



GEN-ER-AL JOHN A. LO-GAN AT THE BAT-TLE OF AT-IAN-TA.

name is e-nough to a-rouse the most ar-dent en-thu-si-asm of his old com-rades. Man-y are the old camp-fire tales they de-light to tell. And a-mongst these, no tale seems to stir their hearts more quick-ly than the re-cord of Lo-gan's val-or at the bat-tle of At-lan-ta.

One of the most ter-ri-ble of all the bat-tles of the war was the bat-tle of At-lan-ta. Old sol-diers nev-er tire of talk-ing of that aw-ful fight, or of the cour-age and he-ro-ism of their gal-lant chief, John A. Lo-gan—

“Who firm-ly stood where waves of blood
Swept o-ver square and col-umn ;
And trac-ed his name with bay-o-net flame
In Glo-ry's crim-son vol-ume.”

This bat-tle took place on the 22d of Ju-ly, 1864. The com-mand of the ar-my de-volv-ed on Lo-gan. Sur-geon Welch thus de-scribes what he saw :

“Gen-er-al Lo-gan, who then took com-mand, on that fa-mous black stal-lion of his, be-came a flame of fire and fu-ry, yet keep-ing won-drous meth-od in his in-spir-ed mad-ness. He was ev-er-y-where; his horse cov-er-ed with foam, and him-self hat-less and be-grim-ed with dust; per-fect-ly com-pre-hend-ing the po-si-tion; giv-ing sharp or-ders to of-fi-cers as he met them; and, plant-ing

him-self firm-ly in the front of flee-ing col-umns, with re-volv-er in hand, threat-en-ing in tones not to be mis-ta-ken, to fire in-to the ad-vance if they did not in-stant-ly halt, and form in or-order of bat-tle. ‘He spake, and it was done.’ The bat-tle was re-sum-ed in or-order and with fu-ry—a tem-pest of thun-der and fire—a hail-storm of shot and shell. And when night clos-ed down the bat-tle was end-ed, and we were mas-ters of the field. Some of the reg-i-ments that went in-to that aw-ful con-flict strong, came out with but thir-ty men, and one that went in 200 strong, in the morn-ing, came out with fif-teen men! But thou-sands of the en-em-y bit the dust that day, and though com-pell-ed to to fight in front and rear, our arms were crown-ed with vic-to-ry.”

It would re-quire a whole his-to-ry to re-count the he-ro-ic deeds of this brave son of Ill-in-ois. One of the most re-mark-a-ble pa-ges of that his-to-ry calls back the mem-o-ry of the bat-tle of Vicks-burg, the blow-ing up of the “Mal-a-koff,” and the des-per-ate hand to hand fight-ing in the cra-ter. For his val-or in this great con-flict, he had the hon-or of lead-ing the tri-um-phal en-try in-to Vicks-burg. He was al-so made Mil-i-ta-ry Gov-ern-or of the city, and was a-dorn-ed with a med-al.

On an-oth-er oc-ca-sion, just af-ter the close of

the war, by a bold and time-ly in-ter-fer-ence, he sav-ed the peo-ple of Ral-eigh, N. C., from the rage of a vast num-ber of U-ni-on sol-diers who were en-camp-ed near the cit-y. The news of the as-sas-sin-a-tion of Lin-coln made them mad with blind, wild fu-ry. They swore they would wreak their ven-geance on the city of Ral-eigh, and give ev-er-y soul, men, wo-men and chil-dren, to the sword. Lo-gan, with bared head and drawn sword, rush-ed in front of a crowd of these fu-ri-ous men who had start-ed, with burn-ing brands, to do this dead-ly work. He threat-en-ed with in-stant death, the first man who should lay hands on the in-no-cent and un-pro-TECT-ed peo-ple. The crowd fell back, calm-er thoughts brought bet-ter feel-ings, and the peo-ple of Ral-eigh were sav-ed by the time-ly cour-age of John A. Lo-gan.

Af-ter the war, Lo-gan gave his time and thought to his law bus-i-ness, and to pol-i-tics. His zeal-ous po-lit-i-cal friends were con-stant-ly sug-gest-ing his name as a suit-a-ble can-di-date for the Pres-i-den-cy. His name was pre-sent-ed to the Re-pub-li-can Con-ven-tion of 1884. He with-drew his name in fa-vor of the Hon. James G. Blaine, and was sub-se-quent-ly nom-i-na-ted for the vice-Pres-i-den-cy. He re-ceiv-ed 779 votes, af-ter which the vote was made u-nan-i-mous. In the e-lec-tion of 1884

the Re-pub-li-can tick-et was de-feat-ed. Lo-gan af-ter-wards made a gal-lant fight for the Ill-in-ois Sen-a-tor-ship, in which he was suc-cess-ful.

In the month of De-cem-ber, 1886, the Gen-er-al was seiz-ed with an at-tack of rheu-ma-tism, which grew worse as the month grew old-er, yet no real dan-ger was ap-pre-hend-ed. But on Sun-day, the 26th, the daunt-less war-ri-or died. The last word he spoke was "Ma-ry," the name of his be-lov-ed and hon-or-ed wife.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEN OF ILL-IN-OIS IN THE WAR OF THE RE-BELL-ION.

The world has nev-er seen a race of brav-er sol-diers, than the gal-lant "boys" sent by Ill-in-ois to fight the bat-tles of the Re-bell-ion. They were as quick to re-spond to the call of du-ty, as they were brave to do and suf-fer when the time for fight-ing came.

Ill-in-ois made a most hon-or-a-ble re-cord in the case of the Mex-i-can War, of 1846. Eight thou-sand, three hun-dred and sev-en-ty men of-fer-ed them-selves, though on-ly 3,720 could be ac-cept-ed.

But when the war of the Re-bell-ion came, the dif-fi-cul-ty was not to get men who were read-y for the fight, but to keep back those who were too eag-er for the fray. Dur-ing the year 1861, the re-sponse to Lin-coln's call was grand-ly an-swer-ed. The first reg-i-ment took for its name the Sev-enth Ill-in-ois, be-cause of the first six num-bers hav-ing been giv-en to the reg-i-ments of the Mex-i-can War. Reg-i-ments from the Sev-enth to the Fif-ty-sev-enth in-clu-sive, and the Fif-ty-sev-enth, Fif-ty-eighth and Fif-ty-ninth, all en-ter-ed this year, be-side the Ill-in-ois Cav-l-ry, from the First to the Thir-teenth in-clu-sive. The great mus-ter-ing cen-tres were Camp But-ler, near Spring-field, and Camp Doug-las, in Chic-a-go, at the foot of Thir-ty-fifth street where the Doug-las Mon-u-ment stands.

It was need-ful to guard Cai-ro and the south-ern por-tion of the State with great care from Con-fed-er-ate in-va-sion. Dur-ing the pro-gress of the War sev-er-al boats were cap-tur-ed at Cai-ro on their way south, load-ed with arms and am-mu-ni-tion.

A brave stroke of bus-i-ness was done by Cap-tain Stokes and the Sev-enth Ill-in-ois reg-i-ment at the ver-y be-gin-ning of the War. An or-der was sent from Con-gress to the Au-thor-i-ties of



SCENE IN LIN-COLN PARK, CHIC-A-GO.

Ill-in-ois to ob-tain arms from the Ar-sen-al at St. Lou-is. But St. Lou-is was over-run by Con-fed-er-ate spies; and Con-fed-er-ate troops were scat-ter-ed se-cret-ly all a-bout the cit-y. But Cap-tain Stokes, nothing daunt-ed, with 700 men raid-ed the Ar-sen-al, and seiz-ed 20,000 mus-kets, 500 car-bines and 500 pis-tols.

Ill-in-ois put in-to her own reg-i-ments for the U-ni-ted States Gov-ern-ment, 256,000 men. Her to-tal years of ser-vice a-mount-ed to 600,000. She en-roll-ed men from eight-een to for-ty-five years of age, when Lin-coln on-ly ask-ed for those from twen-ty to for-ty-five. Her en-roll-ments were al-ways in ex-cess of the de-mand. Be-side all the or-di-na-ry claims, Ill-in-ois sent 20,844 men for nine-ty or a hun-dred days, for whom no cred-it was ask-ed.

There were strange, sad sights to be wit-ness-ed in Ill-in-ois in those days. In some coun-ties, such as Mon-roe, for ex-am-ple, ev-er-y a-ble bod-ied man went to the War; and all o-ver the State, moth-ers and daugh-ters went in-to the fields to raise the grain and keep the chil-dren to-geth-er, while the fa-thers and lov-ers and el-der broth-ers went to fight for the sa-cred flag of free-dom.

In one case a fa-ther and four sons re-solv-ed that one must stay at home, so they pull-ed straws from a stack, and the boys man-ag-ed that the

home-stay-ing straw should fall in-to the fa-ther's hand. So the boys went and the fa-ther stay-ed at home. But three days la-ter, the fa-ther went in-to camp, say-ing, that moth-er and the girls "guess-ed they could get the crops in with-out him," and he'd come to fight a-long-side the boys. Man-y church-es sent ev-er-y one of their male mem-bers to the War. Where the "boys" of Ill-in-ois went, they went to win. The great-est vic-to-ries were all fought in the West. When all look-ed dark, the men of Ill-in-ois were march-ing down the riv-er, and di-vid-ing the sol-id pow-er of the Con-fed-er-a-cy.

When Sher-man march-ed to the Sea, he took with him for-ty-five reg-i-ments of Ill-in-ois in-fant-ry, three com-pa-nies of ar-til-ler-y, and one com-pa-ny of cav-al-ry. To all ru-mors of Sher-man's de-feat, the trust-ful Lin-corn said:

"No! It is im-pos-si-ble; there is a might-y sight of fight in 100,000 West-ern Men!"

And so it prov-ed. For the men of Ill-in-ois brought home 300 bat-tle flags; and the first flag that was un-fold-ed to the breeze at Rich-mond, when the War was end-ed, was a ban-ner from Ill-in-ois!

CHAPTER XXX.

CHIC-A-GO THE GREAT MAR-VEL OF MOD-ERN CIT-IES.

It would re-quire a vol-ume man-y times the size of this lit-tle book to sketch in mere out-line the won-der-ful his-to-ry of the cit-y of Chic-a-go. It is eas-y to see, there-fore, that with the small space at our com-mand, we can on-ly give at best a bird's-eye view of this ro-man-tic sto-ry of cit-y life. There is no ex-trav-a-gance in speak-ing of Chic-a-go as the great-est mar-vel of the Prair-ie State.

An en-thu-si-as-tic writ-er, not him-self a na-tive of Chic-a-go, or of Ill-in-ois, says:

“This mys-te-ri-ous, ma-jes-tic, might-y cit-y, born first of wa-ter and next of fire; sown in weak-ness, and rais-ed in pow-er; plant-ed a-mong the wil-lows of the marsh, sleep-ing on the bo-som of the prair-ie, and rock-ed on the wa-ters of the lake; with schools e-clips-ing Al-ex-an-dria and Ath-ens; with lib-er-ties great-er than those of the old re-pub-lics, with a he-ro-ism e-qual to that of Carth-age, and a sanc-ti-ty sec-ond on-ly to that of Je-ru-sa-lem;—set your thoughts on all this,—lift-ed in-to

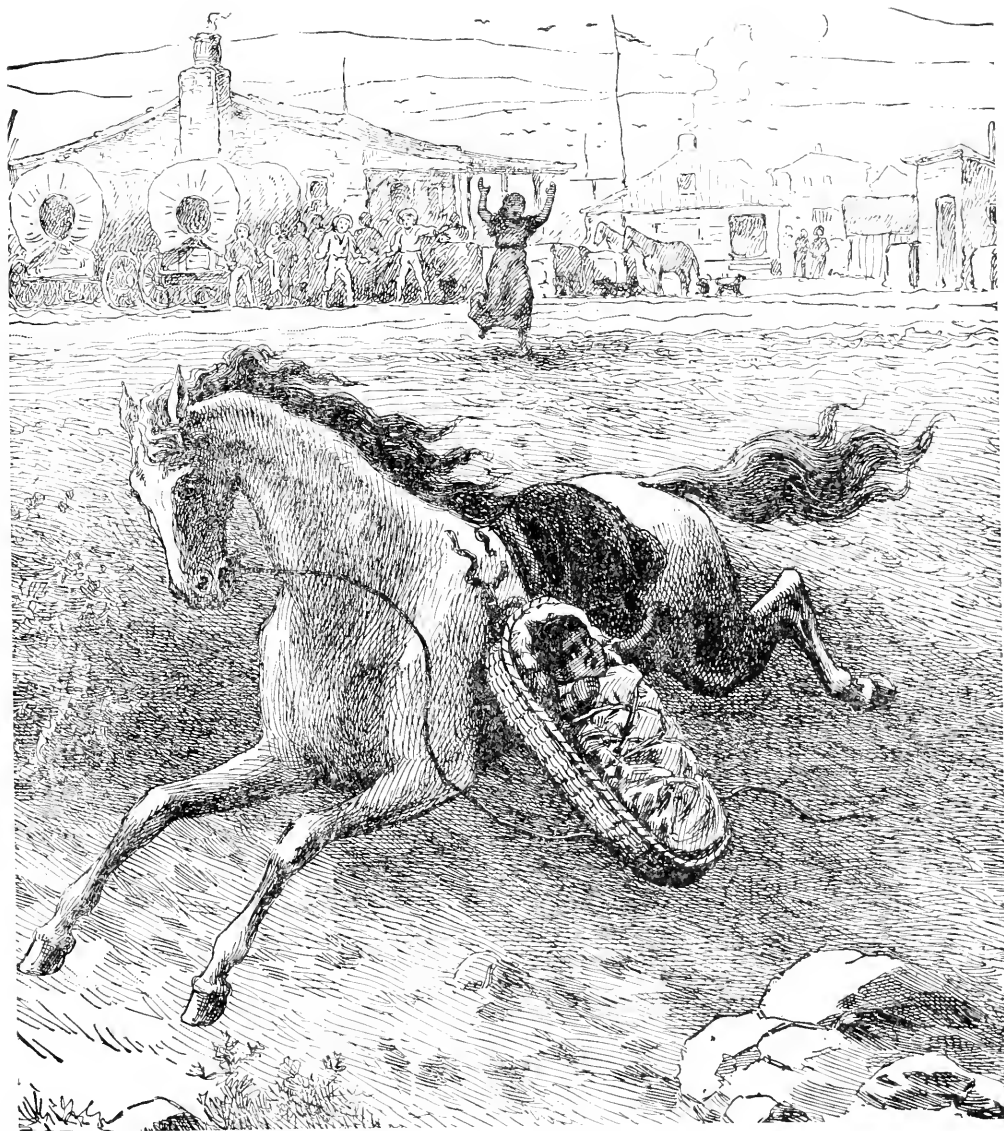
the eyes of all men by the mir-a-cle of its growth, il-lu-min-a-ted by the flame of its fall, and trans-fig-ur-ed by the di-vin-i-ty of its res-ur-rec-tion,—and you will feel as I do, the ut-ter im-pos-si-bil-i-ty of com-pass-ing this sub-ject as it de-serves."

The first set-tler in Chic-a-go is said to have been Jean Bap-tis-te Pointe au Sa-ble, a mu-latt-o from the West In-dies, who came and be-gan to trade with the In-dians in 1796. John Kin-zie be-came his suc-cess-or in 1804, when Fort Dear-born was built. From that time till a-bout the time of the Black Hawk War in 1832, Chic-a-go was on-ly a trad-ing post. And there are those liv-ing to-day who can re-call some of the quaint-est and most prim-i-tive scenes in the ver-y streets where now a com-merce, em-brac-ing in its deal-ings the whole civ-il-iz-ed world, sways its mag-ic pow-er.

Man-y strange sights were seen in these ear-ly Chic-a-go days, that if seen now, would cre-ate quite a sen-sa-tion. For ex-am-ple: a com-pa-ny of wan-der-ing In-dians would come a-long, to dis-pose of their bead-work and oth-er pro-ducts, and to buy their win-ter stores. A large bas-ket on one arm, and a fair-siz-ed chub-by pap-poose in the oth-er, was a heav-y bur-den for the In-dian moth-er, who would some-times lean her dus-ky ba-by a-gainst the wall, and some-times, when the

dogs came a-long and lick-ed the face of the help-less child, she would hang her lit-tle trea-sure to the sad-dle horns of the near-est po-ny. Then in sheer mis-chief the mer-ry young fel-lows of the lit-tle trad-ing post, would un-fast-en the po-ny and set him trot-ting, just for the fun of see-ing the half fran-tic squaw rush wild-ly to the res-cue of her child. Some times these prac-ti-cal jokes would end in a quar-rel, es-pe-cial-ly if the pap-poose was in-jur-ed in any way, but gen-er-al-ly the po-ny was caught be-fore an-y harm was done.

Of course, Chic-a-go owes much to its ge-o-graph-i-cal po-si-tion. The Chic-a-go riv-er, of those ear-ly days, reach-ed back in-to the prair-ie with-in a ver-y short dis-tance of the Des Plaines, with which it has since been u-ni-ted, leav-ing on-ly a short port-age to be made in a jour-ney from the far east-ern lakes to the mouth of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. And la-ter, when the North-west took on its mar-vel-ous de-vel-op-ment, in-vi-ting the great rail-ways of the East in-to har-vest fields al-read-y ripe, there was no route a-vail-a-ble for them but that a-round Lake Mich-i-gan, and through the strug-gling young town just be-yond the foot of the lake. But the ear-ly res-i-dents of the place nev-er dream-ed that it would at-tain com-mer-cial prom-i-nence, and the time is still with-in mem-o-ry, when the



THE LIT-TLE PAP-POOSE IN DAN-GER.

in-hab-i-tants fear-ed the ru-in-a-tion of their town by ca-nals and rail-ways! To-day, how-ev-er, it is the cen-tre of a full third of the rail-way mile-age of the U-ni-ted States, and the most rap-id-ly pros-per-ing cit-y on the con-ti-nent.

The cease-less growth of Chic-a-go is best seen by a glance at the fol-low-ing set of fig-ures. The in-crease from 70 in 1830, to 800,000 in 1888, has come a-bout in this or-der:

1830,	-	-	-	-	70
1840,	-	-	-	-	4,853
1850,	-	-	-	-	29,963
1860,	-	-	-	-	112,172
1870,	-	-	-	-	298,907
1880,	-	-	-	-	503,185
1888,	-	-	-	-	800,000

Who can tell to what great di-men-sions this cit-y may yet spread! At this rate of growth, it is al-most cer-tain that when the Twen-ti-eth Cen-tu-ry dawns up-on the world, Chic-a-go will pos-sess more than a mill-ion in-hab-it-ants.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GREAT FIRE OF CHIC-A-GO.

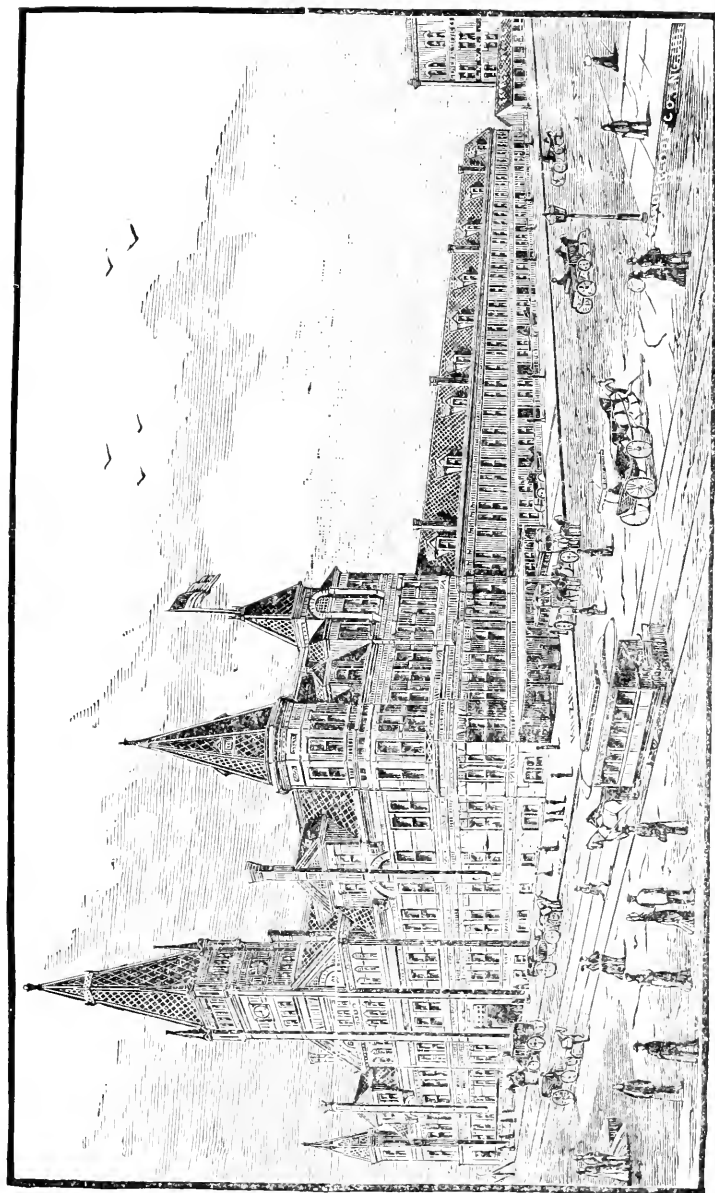
Who has not heard of the Great Fire of Chic-a-go? All the world stood in ter-ror and a-maze-ment when the ti-dings of that aw-ful scourge were told from land to land. Who shall un-der-take to tell that aw-ful sto-ry? The sto-ry nev-er can be per-fect-ly told. For the sketch that fol-lows we are great-ly in-debt-ed to Dres-bach's "His-to-ry of Ill-in-ois," and to the news-pa-per re-ports that have been pre-serv-ed:

Fig-ures give but a faint i-dea of this tre-men-dous ca-lam-i-ty. More than two hun-dred per-sons lost their lives in this aw-ful trag-e-dy. Near-ly one hun-dred thou-sand per-sons found them-selves with-out eith-er homes or the means of ob-tain-ing homes, while no less than 17,450 build-ings, man-y of them ex-treme-ly val-u-a-ble, were de-stroy-ed. The total loss was fig-ur-ed at \$190,000,000, up-on which the in-sur-ance com-pa-nies were on-ly a-ble to pay \$44,000,000. Thus, the val-ue of \$146,000,000 was melt-ed out of ex-ist-ence. The burn-ed a-rea was a to-tal of three

and a third square miles, and the des-o-la-tion was so com-plete, that men stood a-round and said, "Chic-a-go is de-stroy-ed; there is no fu-ture for the cit-y at all."

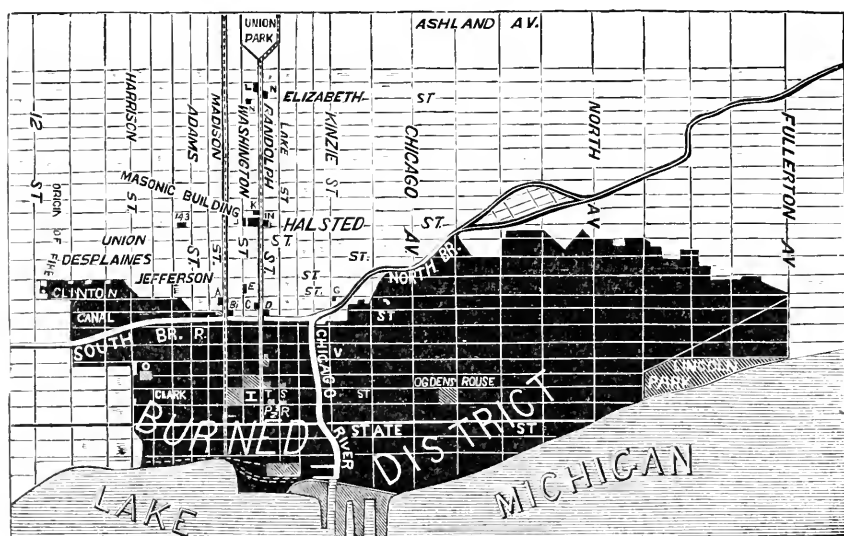
On the e-ven-ing of Sun-day, Oc-to-ber 8, 1871, a wo-man, hav-ing to milk at a late hour, took a lamp to the sta-ble with her. By some mis-hap—the sto-ry goes—the cow kick-ed, the lamp was over-turn-ed; the hay caught fire, then the sta-ble; the blaze spread to ad-join-ing sta-bles, sheds and hous-es, kind-ling one of the great-est con-fla-gra-tions re-cord-ed in any cit-y's his-to-ry. A gale was blow-ing from the south-west; there had been a prev-a-lent drouth for some time, and the sec-tion from which the fire had o-rig-i-na-ted was fill-ed with light frame struc-tures, all of which were fa-vor-a-ble for a rap-id ad-vance of the flames. The start-ing point was in the vi-cin-i-ty of DeKo-ven and Jef-fer-son streets, in the West Di-vis-ion, and in the south-west quar-ter of the cit-y, the gen-er-al ad-vance be-ing in a north-east-er-ly di-rec-tion. The flames leap-ed a-cross the riv-er a-bout mid-night. The fire then ad-vanc-ed in a ma-jes-tic col-umn, flank-ed on the right and on the left by less-er col-umns a lit-tle in the rear.

The Cham-ber of Com-merce was burn-ed a-bout 1 o'clock and the Court House fol-low-ed



DEPOT OF THE CHIC-A-GO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAIL-WAY, CHIC-A-GO.

short-ly af-ter. Pris-on-ers con-fin-ed in the base-ment of the lat-ter, hav-ing been freed to save their lives, show-ed their grat-i-ude—or de-prav-ed na-tures—by plun-der-ing a jew-el-ry store near by. The great bell in the dome went down, sound-ing its own death knell as it fell, and at a-bout the



MAP OF THE BURNT DIS-TRIC-T OF CHIC-A-GO.

same hour, 3 o'clock, the large gas-o-me-ter ex-plod-ed with ter-rif-ic vi-o-lence. The Times and Trib-une build-ings, Cros-by's mag-ni-fi-cent Op-er-a House, Sher-man, Tre-mont and Palm-er Ho-tels, U-ni-on Bank, Mer-chants' In-sur-ance Build-ing, of-fice of the West-ern U-ni-on Tel-e-graph, Post-of-fice, McVick-er's The-a-tre, and

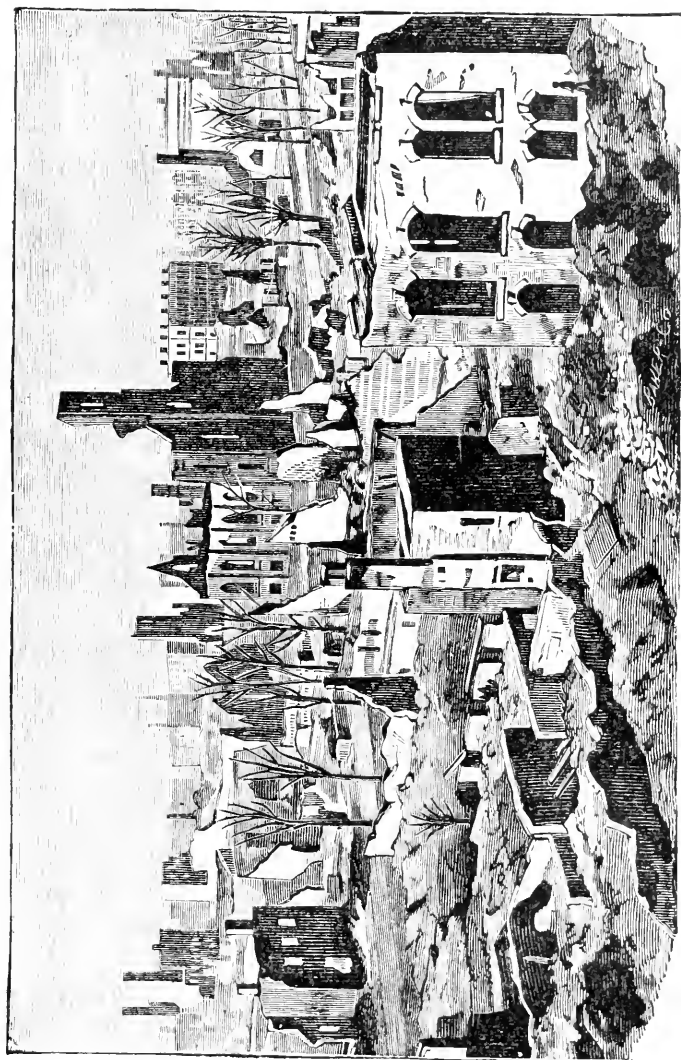
nu-mer-ous oth-er ed-i-fi-ces crum-bled be-fore the fur-nace heat of ad-vanc-ing flames. Not less than \$2,000,000 worth of treas-ure was de-stroy-ed in the post-of-ice vaults.

While the peo-ple in the North Di-vi-sion were gaz-ing up-on the burn-ing dome of the Court House, ex-press-ing sym-pa-thy for the pit-i-a-ble con-di-tion of the wretch-ed and their home-less friends, they were sud-den-ly a-wa-ken-ed to a sense of their own per-il—the fire, by un-ac-count-a-ble means, reach-ed the en-gine house of the wa-ter-works, thus cut-ting off that means of fight-ing the fire, and hem-ming in a vast re-gion, with fire on the south. The flames swept on till they spent them-selves on the north; were stop-ped by the beach along the lake, and were ar-rest-ed from go-ing far-ther south-ward by blow-ing up build-ings. It is said this work was su-per-in-tend-ed by Gen-er-al Sher-i-dan. On-ly two build-ings,—Lind's block, a brick ed-i-fi-ce with i-ron shut-ters, stand-ing by it-self in the South Di-vi-sion, and the res-i-dence of Mah-lon Og-den, in the North Di-vi-sion, were left in all the scourg-ed re-gion.

No lan-guage is ad-e-quate to de-scribe the horrors and mis-er-y of the night of the 8th and the fol-low-ing day. A hun-dred thou-sand peo-ple were driv-en from their homes to es-cape, if pos-si-

ble, the mad, seeth-ing fire, on-ly to be im-ped-ed by the e-qual-ly mad and fran-tic throng. In the vi-cin-i-ty of Gris-wold, Quin-cy, Jack-son and Wells streets, where pov-er-ty, mis-er-y and vice were heap-ed to-geth-er in squal-id, rick-et-y hous-es, the scene was ap-pall-ing. Peo-ple rush-ing half clad through the streets; curs-es, pray-ers, shouts, screams, and rude mer-ri-ment, blend-ing their weird sounds; stores and sa-loons were thrown o-pen by own-ers, or bro-ken in-to by thieves. Here they fought o-ver spoils un-til driv-en on-ward by ap-proach-ing fire, then rush-ed in-to a sway-ing crowd craz-ed with ex-cite-ment or li-quor, on-ly to in-crease the hor-ror of the sur-round-ings.

The low-est fig-ure at which a hack or con-vey-ance could be ob-tain-ed was \$10, and reach-ing as high as \$50. It not un-fre-quent-ly hap-pen-ed, e-ven at the last price, a driv-er would start with a load of ar-ti-cles, drive a short dis-tance, then stop and in-crease the price, or de-mand im-me-di-ate pay-ment. If the de-mand was not com-plied with, off went the goods in-to the street to be pil-lag-ed by "roughs," tram-pled un-der foot, or con-sum-ed by the flames. Oc-ca-sion-al-ly the own-er brought the heart-less dri-ver to a sense of his du-ty by dis-play-ing a re-volv-er. E. I. Tink-man, cash-ier of one of the banks, paid an ex-press-man



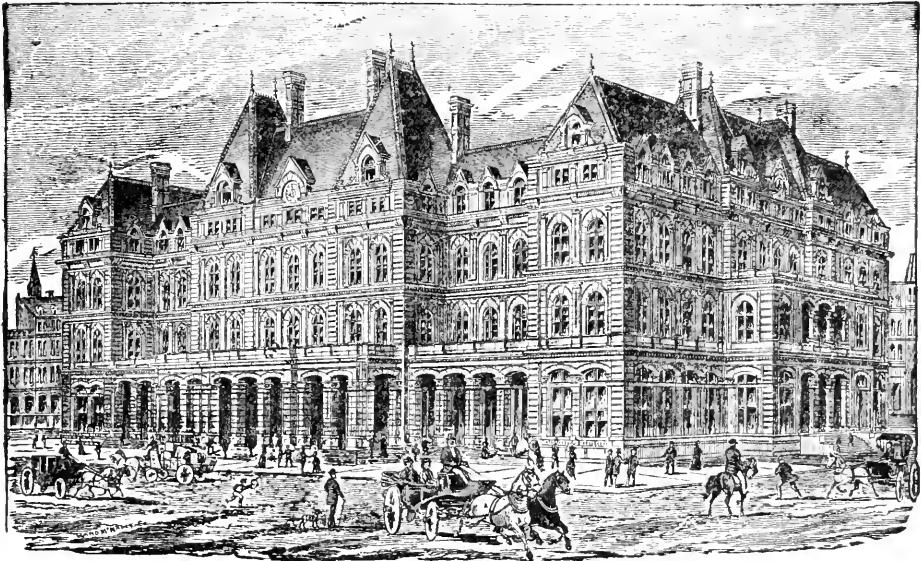
SCENE IN CHIC-A-GO THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.

\$1,000 for con-vey-ing a box, con-tain-ing val-u-a-bles worth \$600,000, from its vault to a de-pot in the West Di-vi-sion. No law, no or-der, no au-thor-i-ty, seem-ed to ex-ist; the po-lice were pow-er-less, and ter-ror, de-struc-tion, av-a-ri-ce and con-fu-sion, reigned su-preme.

The bridg-es were throng-ed with ev-er-y va-ri-e-ty of ve-hi-cle and foot pas-sen-ger, all bear-ing heav-y loads. An un-der-ta-ker, with his em-ploy-ees, was no-tic-ed, each car-ry-ing a cof-fin; next, an I-rish wo-man trudg-ing a-long, lead-ing a goat by one hand, while with the other she clutch-ed a roll of silk. Oc-ca-sion-al-ly an or-der would be giv-en for a bridge to be turn-ed for the pass-age of a ves-sel seek-ing cool-er climes, when a cry of in-dig-na-tion or de-spair would go up from the anx-i-ous mul-ti-tude.

A nar-row stretch of shore, bor-der-ing up-on a por-tion of the lake, pro-tect-ed by a break-wa-ter, ap-pa-rent-ly of-fer-ed a place of re-fuge. To this man-y flock-ed, car-ry-ing with them ar-ti-cles of ev-er-y de-scrip-tion, sav-ed in their hur-ri-ed de-par-ture from burn-ing homes. Here, a frail wo-man car-ry-ing a sew-ing ma-chine; there, two daugh-ters bear-ing an in-val-id and faint-ing moth-er; not far be-yond, a girl jeal-ous-ly guard-ing her small bun-dle, when a ruf-fi-an knocks her down

and se- cures the prize. As the fire ap- proach- es near- er, the crowd up- on this nar- row strip of land is forc- ed in- to the wa- ter, where, by con- stant- ly drench- ing them- selves, they are en- a- bled to with-



POST OF-FICE, CHIC-A-GO.

stand the fierce heat. Many moth- ers thus stood for hours and sup- port- ed a child a- bove wa- ter.

A- long the san- dy beach to the north- ward thou- sands of rich and poor—or all a- like poor—took re- fuge in a sim- i- lar man- ner. Some were drown- ed by be- ing crowd- ed be- yond their depth. The old cem- e- ter- y, once a part of Lin- coln Park, al- so of- fer- ed a re- treat for at least 30,000 peo- ple,

who hud-dled to-geth-er in this cit-y of the dead. Chil-dren were there cry-ing for par-ents, hus-bands dis-tract-ed over the loss of a wife, broth-ers hunt-ing sis-ters or pa-rents chil-dren. Here a group of girls weep-ing for their moth-er who was too ill to be mov-ed and had to be a-ban-don-ed; there a la-dy a-lone with a bun-dle of fine dress-es thrown o-ver her arm; close by, a bank-er with bow-ed head sit-ting on a grave look-ing in-to a fry-ing-pan he had un-con-scious-ly sav-ed from de-struc-tion; a man with an ice pitch-er de-clar-ed it was all he pos-sess-ed in the world, while scores of men, wo-men and chil-dren were care-fully shield-ing some pet ca-na-ry, par-rot or poo-dle.

The prair-ie west of the cit-y was al-so throng-ed by a home-less mul-ti-tude, while man-y took shel-ter with friends in por-tions not de-stroy-ed. At 2 o'clock, Tues-day morn-ing, came a wel-come rain. It add-ed to the mis-er-y for the time, yet it was hail-ed with joy.

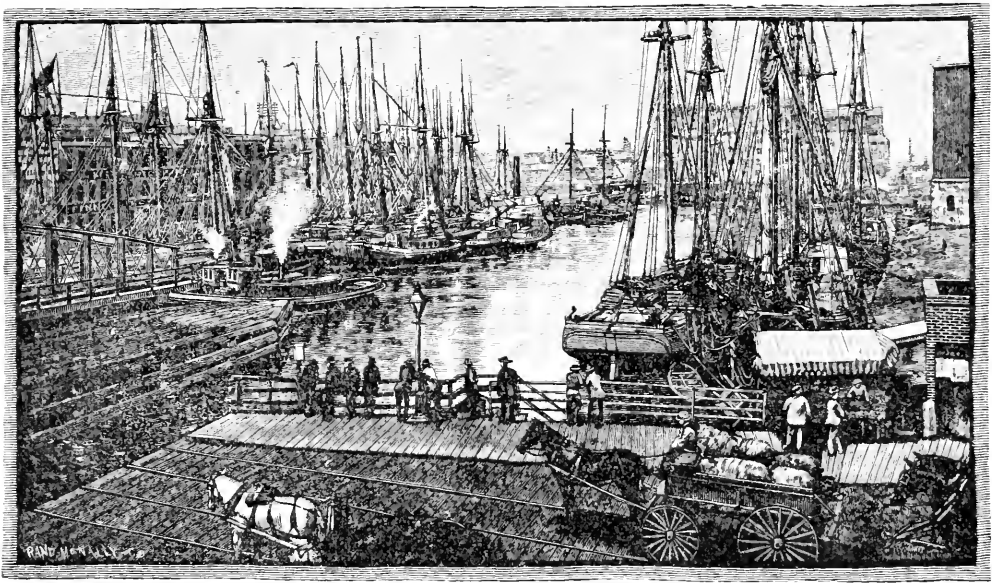
CHAPTER XXXII.

CHIC-A-GO AF-TER THE FIRE.

If it is not eas-y to find words that will fit-ly de-scribe the ter-rors and ru-in of the Great Fire

of Chic-a-go, neith-er is it eas-y to tell of the grand re-sponse made by the whole coun-try, and, in-deed, by the whole civ-il-iz-ed world, to these suf-fer-ers in the hour of their sore dis-tress.

The gen-er-ous giv-ing that mark-ed that month of Oc-to-ber, 1871, forms a page of mod-ern his-



SCENE ON THE CHIC-A-GO RIVER.

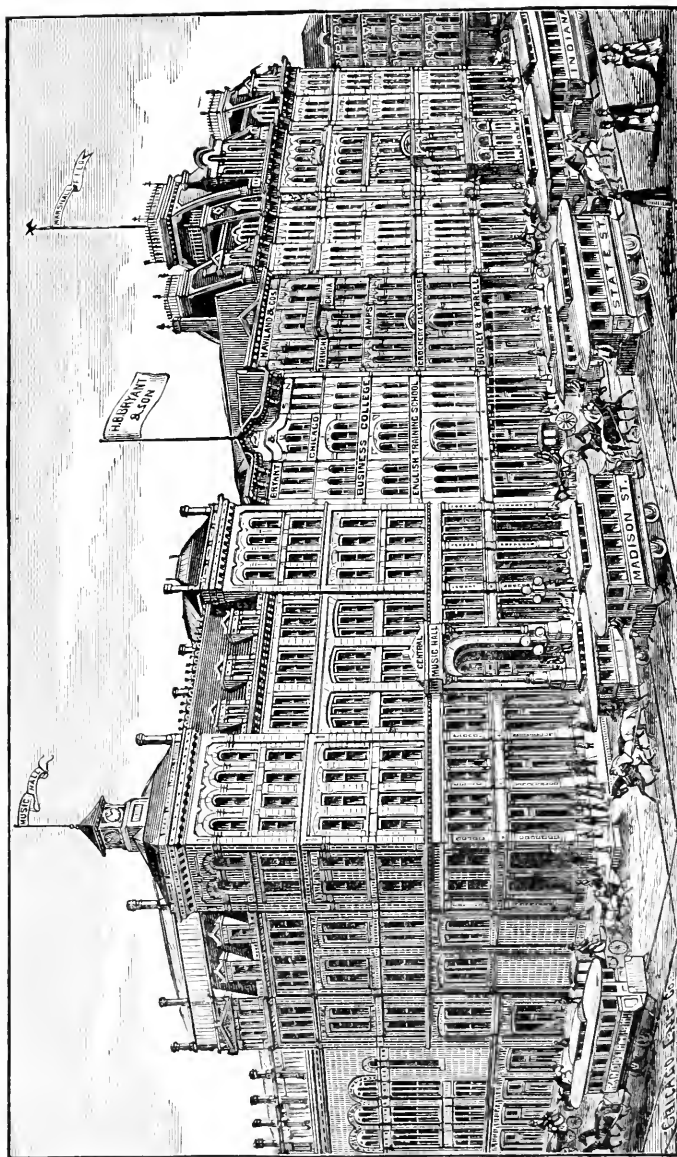
to-ry of which hu-man-i-ty may well be proud, and for which Chic-a-go will al-ways be grate-ful. The fol-low-ing par-a-graph from a Chic-a-go pa-per of Oc-to-ber 13th, shows what the peo-ple of the sad cit-y felt:

“THE CHRIST-LIKE CHAR-I-TY.—The re-sponse

of the peo-ple of the U-ni-ted States to the ap-pall-ing ca-lam-i-ty which has o-ver-ta-ken our cit-y, has no par-al-lel in the his-to-ry of the world since Christ died for our sins. We can-not re-turn our thanks for their lov-ing kind-ness. Words fal-ter on our lips. On-ly our stream-ing eyes can tell how deep-ly we feel their good-ness."

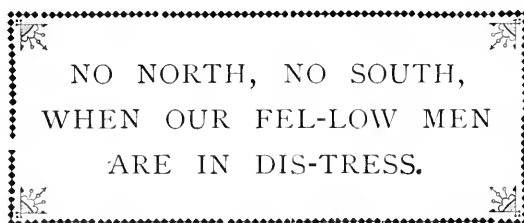
On Oc-to-ber 9th, the Cit-y Coun-cil of Pitts-burg pledg-ed \$100,000 to the Chic-a-go suf-fer-ers. St. Lou-is, Cin-cin-nat-i and other cit-ies had al-read-y done the same. At an in-for-mal meet-ing in Pitts-burg, on Tues-day, \$20,000 was paid o-ver on the spot by cit-i-zens, and be-fore Wed-nes-day the a-mount had been rais-ed to \$100,000. At Lou-is-ville, pri-vate sub-scrip-tions a-moun-ting to near-ly \$100,000 were rais-ed in ten hours. On Mon-day, Oc-to-ber 9th, be-fore the fire had ceas-ed burn-ing, Ter-re Haute, In-di-an-a, had a train load of pro-vi-sions en-route to the scene of suf-fer-ing. Sev-er-al car loads of pro-vi-sions were ship-ped from In-dian-ap-o-lis on the same e-ven-ing, and \$10,000 in cash paid o-ver by the cit-i-zens for gen-er-al re-lief. Thir-ty thou-sand dol-lars more was sub-scrib-ed.

Long be-fore noon on Oc-to-ber 9th, while the fire was still burn-ing, the peo-ple of Cai-ro, Ill-in-ois, were load-ing a re-lief train. Hal-li-day



STATE STREET, CHIC-A-GO, LOOK-ING SOUTH.

Broth-ers, gave 100 bar-rels of flour, and the cit-i-zens fill-ed sev-er-al cars with cook-ed food. This train reach-ed Chic-a-go ear-ly on Tues-day morn-ing, when its con-tents were most ur-gent-ly need-ed. Car loads from Nash-ville and Mem-ph-is were sent for-ward. On one of the cars was the in-scrip-tion—



Kan-sas Cit-y was rais-ing sub-scrip-tions be-fore the fire reach-ed Lin-corn Park; so were the peo-ple of Os-we-go, New York; Leav-en-worth, Kan-sas; Bos-ton, Fort Wayne, To-le-do, Bal-ti-more, Al-ba-ny; Ev-ans-ville, In-di-an-a; Wheel-ing, West Vir-gin-i-a; Co-lum-bus, O-hi-o; Wash-ing-ton, D. C.; Pe-o-ri-a, Ill-in-ois; and man-y oth-er points.

On the 11th of Oc-to-ber, twen-ty-two car loads of pro-vi-sions reach-ed Chic-a-go from St. Lou-is, and on the next day 10,000 blan-kets came from that gen-er-ous cit-y.

A Chic-a-go Re-lief and Aid So-ci-e-ty was at once or-gan-iz-ed, and be-fore the sun set on the

18th of No-vem-ber—on-ly six brief weeks—the great sum of \$2,508,810.39, had been con-trib-u-ted to the cit-y that sat in dark-ness, and al-most in de-spair, from the States and Ter-ri-to-ries of the U-ni-on.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHIC-A-GO RE-BUILT.

If there was, as has of-ten been said, a cer-tain ro-mance of sor-row and de-spair in the great fire that laid waste the fair cit-y of the Lake, there was al-so a grand ro-mance of hope and cour-age, in the way in which the men of Chic-a-go rose from the ash-es of their homes and the rel-ics of their for-tunes, and pluck-ed from the ver-y heart of dis-as-ter, the for-tunes of com-ing days.

The ill winds of that sad Oc-to-ber blew ben-e-dic-tions in dis-guise. The cit-y of wood soon be-came a cit-y of stone and i-ron. The fire taught some wise and last-ing les-sons. The “Gar-den Cit-y” of twen-ty years a-go has be-come a cit-y of Pal-a-ces and Tem-ples, com-par-ing most fa-vor-a-bly with an-y cit-ies of the Old World or of the New. Its homes of cost-ly splen-dor; its beau-ti-ful

tem-ples; its pal-a-ces of com-merce, of lit-er-a-ture and art, make Chic-a-go the pride of its cit-i-zens, and the won-der and ad-mi-ra-tion of vis-it-ors from oth-er lands.

The parks and bou-le-var-ds that gir-dle the cit-y, are scenes of grow-ing beau-ty, con-trib-u-ting at once to the el-e-va-tion of the taste, and to the good health of the peo-ple. The parks pro-per, in-clude 1,879 a-cres of land, and are main-tain-ed at an al-most fab-u-lous cost. No cit-y in the mod-ern world has so man-y ad-van-ta-ges of this kind to boast of.

The com-mer-cial cen-tre of the cit-y is the new Board of Trade Build-ing, that cross-es La Salle street, near Jack-son. The lof-ty tow-er ris-es 200 feet, and com-mands a per-fect view of the cit-y.



GAR-FIELD PARK, CHIC-A-GO.

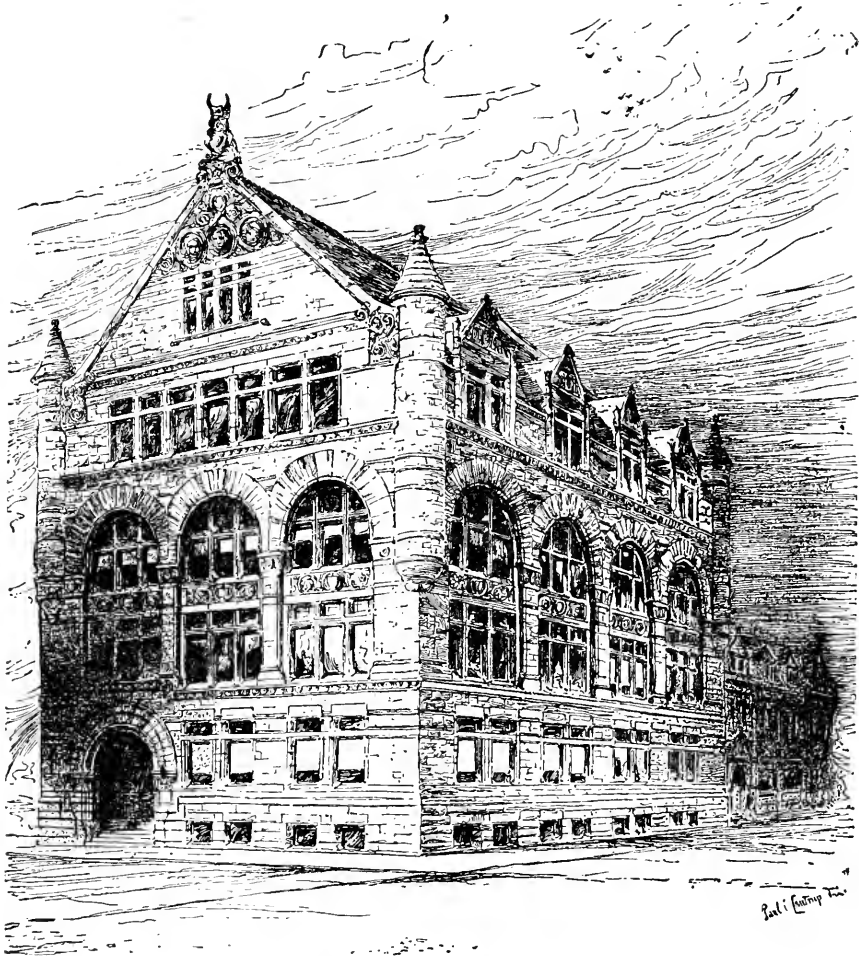
The main hall is 175 x 155 feet, and 80 feet high. The to-tal cost of this mag-nif-i-cent build-ing was a-bout \$1,700,000.

Chic-a-go con-tains a great-er num-ber of res-i-dent ar-tists than an-y oth-er West-ern cit-y—some two hun-dred—and there are in the cit-y a num-ber of ver-y fine pic-tures; but un-til re-cent-ly the cause of art ed-u-ca-tion has on-ly man-a-g-ed to strug-gle a-long since the fire. Now, at last, how-ever, the Art In-sti-tute has ob-tain-ed a foot-hold which prom-i-ses sta-bil-i-ty, in the new A-cad-e-my of Fine Arts, a hand-some brown-stone build-ing at Mich-i-gan Av-e-nue Bou-le-vard and Van Bur-en street. The In-sti-tute is at-tend-ed



BOARD OF TRADE, CHIC-A-GO.

during the year by a-bout four hun-dred pu-pils, and is self-sup-port-ing. Ex-hi-bi-tions are held



A-CAD-EM-Y OF FINE ARTS, CHIC-A-GO.

here fre-quent-ly, and there is a ver-y cred-it-a-ble nu-cleus of a per-ma-nent col-lec-tion.

The Med-i-cal Col-leg-es are sev-en in num-ber, the most no-ta-ble be-ing the Col-lege of Phy-si-cians and Sur-geons, and the Rush Med-i-cal Col-

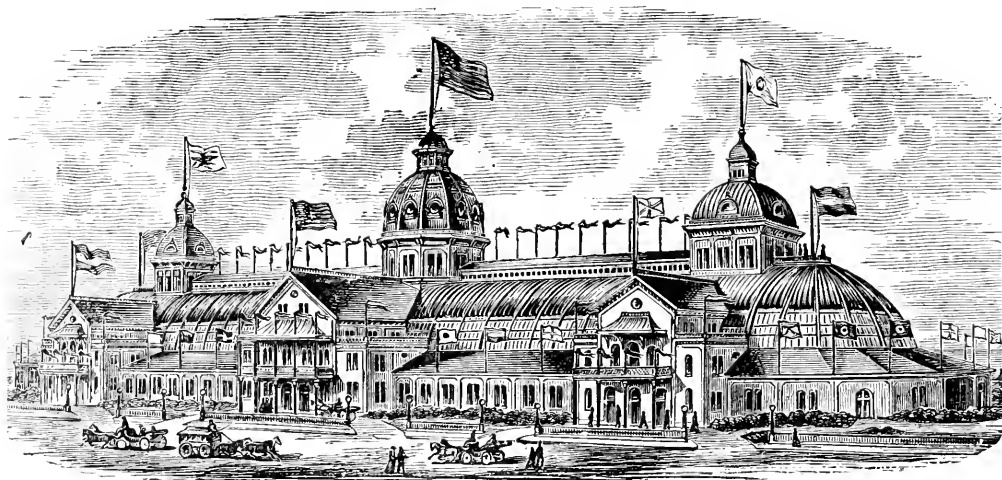


RUSH MED-I-CAL COL-LEGE, CHIC-A-GO.

lege, both ad-join-ing Cook Coun-ty Hos-pi-tal. Rush Med-i-cal Col-lege was built in 1875. This Col-lege is the fa-vor-ite re-sort of med-i-cal stu-dents of the West. The thor-ough-ness of the med-i-cal ed-u-ca-tion here giv-en has made Rush Col-lege fa-mous through the whole State, and far be-yond.

The Church-es of Chic-a-go are a-mongst the most im-pos-ing church build-ings of the land. To e-nu-mer-ate them on-ly, would re-quire more space than we have at our com-mand.

The Ex-po-si-tion Build-ing, on the Lake Front, is an-oth-er im-pos-ing struc-ture that has,



EX-PO-SI-TION BUILD-ING, CHIC-A-GO.

in the course of a few years, be-come his-to-ric. Here the Great Na-tion-al Con-ven-tions were held on sev-er-al im-por-tant oc-ca-sions. It is ca-pa-ble of hold-ing sev-en or eight thou-sand peo-ple, and of late years the cel-e-bra-ted Sum-mer E-ven-ing Con-certs, led by Mr. The-o-dore Thom-as, have been held in this vast hall. Once a year a grand ex-hi-bi-tion of the pro-ducts of this and oth-er States has been held with-in its walls.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RE-CENT E-VENTS.

The Hon. John M. Palmer, who was Governor of Ill-in-ois during the e-vent-ful pe-ri-od of the Chic-a-go fire, was suc-ceed-ed, in 1873, by Rich-ard J. O-gles-by as Gov-ern-or, and John L. Bev-er-idge as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or.

At the Grand Cen-ten-ni-al Ex-po-si-tion in Phil-a-del-phi-a, in 1876, the State of Ill-in-ois made a spe-ci-al-ly fine dis-play in the ag-ri-cul-tur-al de-part-ment, for which a beau-ti-ful med-al was a-ward-ed.

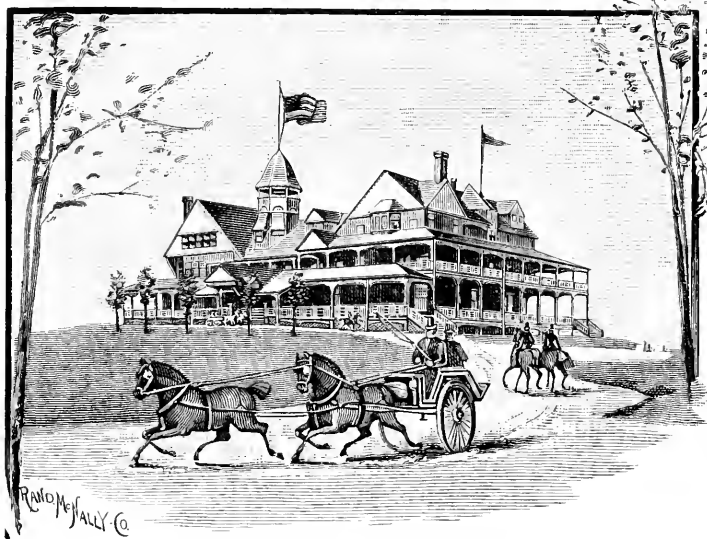
In 1877, La-bor dif-fi-cul-ties a-rose through-out the U-ni-ted States. Bus-i-ness was block-ed by strikes. At East St. Lou-is a mob of 10,000 men threat-en-ed the peace and safe-ty of the cit-y. Chic-a-go was plac-ed in charge of Gen-er-al Du-cat. Be-fore these trou-bles end-ed, they had cost the State \$87,000.

On the 26th of Sep-tem-ber, 1881, Ill-in-ois, and Chic-a-go in par-tic-u-lar, took part in the Na-tion-al fu-ner-al of Gen-er-al Gar-field.

The Hon. Shel-by M. Cul-lom was e-lect-ed

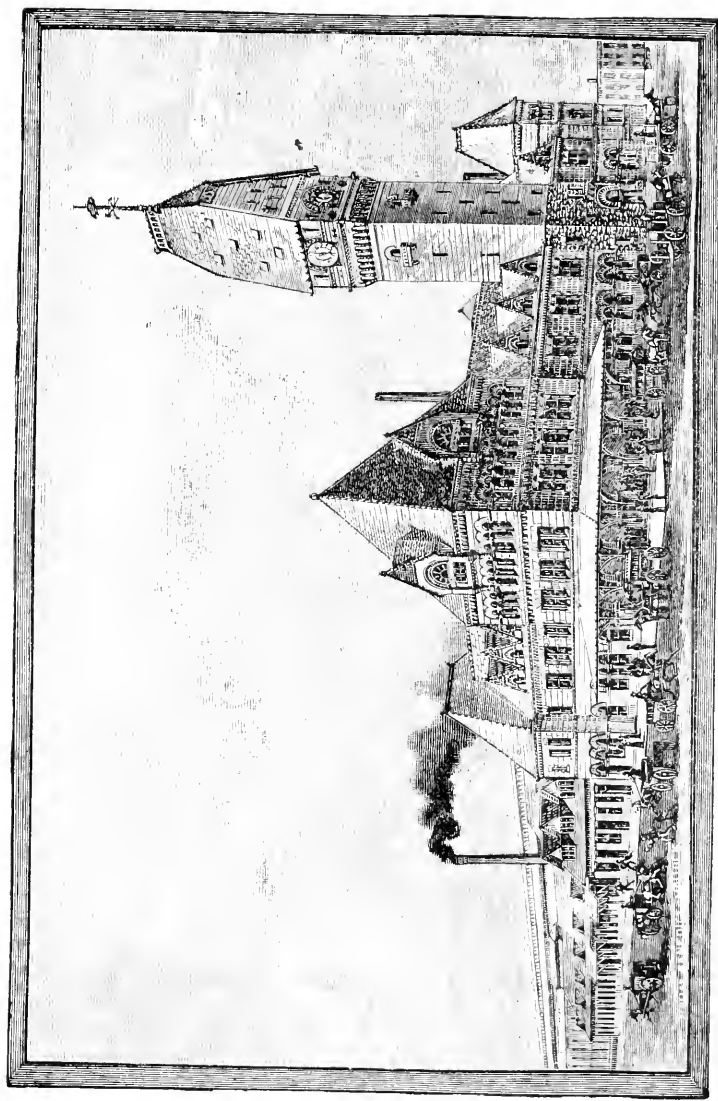
Gov-ern-or in 1881, with John M. Ham-il-ton as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. In Jan-u-a-ry, 1883, Gov-ern-or Cul-lom was e-lect-ed to fill a va-can-cy in the U-ni-ted States Sen-ate. Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or Ham-il-ton be-came Gov-ern-or dur-ing the rest of the term.

In 1885, Rich-ard J. O-gles-by, the pres-ent Gov-ern-or, en-ter-ed on his third term of of-fice, with John C. Smith as Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or.



WASH-ING-TON PARK CLUB HOUSE, CHIC-A-GO.

In the early part of 1886, more la-bor trou-bles dis-turb-ed the peace of Ill-in-ois. A se-cret or-



GRAND TRUNK DE-POT, POLK STREET, CHIC-A-GO.

gan-i-za-tion of An-arch-ists stir-red up the feel-ings of the dis-sat-is-fied class-es. At one of their most vi-o-lent meet-ings, as-sem-bled on the 5th of May on Hay-mar-ket Square, Chic-a-go, a dyn-a-mite bomb was thrown, and re-volv-ers fired, in re-ply to the or-ders of the po-lice to dis-per-se. One po-lice-man was kill-ed out-right, six-ty were wound-ed, of whom six died la-ter. Af-ter a pro-tract-ed tri-al, Au-gust Spies, A-dolph Fisch-er, A. R. Par-sons, and George En-gel, the lead-ers of this or-gan-i-za-tion, were hang-ed at the Cook Coun-ty jail, Chic-a-go, on the 11th of No-vem-ber, 1887. One of their num-ber, Lou-is Lingg, com-mit-ted su-i-cide in the jail the day be-fore. Mi-chael Schwab and Sam-u-el Field-en were sent to the State Pris-on for life.

On the 22d of Oc-to-ber, 1887, a mag-nif-i-cent mon-u-ment to the mem-o-ry of A-bra-ham Lin-coln,—pro-vi-ded for in the will of the late Eli Bates, one of the most no-ta-ble of the ear-ly cit-i-zens of Chic-a-go,—was un-veil-ed in Lin-coln Park, Chic-a-go, by his grand-son, “Lit-tle Abe,” son of the Hon. Rob-ert T. Lin-coln. Af-ter a speech by Leon-ard Swett, one of Lin-coln’s old-est friends, May-or Roche made the fol-low-ing im-press-ive re-marks: “Here, in the me-trop-o-lis of the great State that nur-tur-ed him from boy-hood

to ri-pen-ed man-hood, and saw him by the na-tion's suf-frage, con-se-cra-ted to lead-er-ship, and in-vest-ed with more than king-ly pow-er; here in the beau-ti-ful park, com-mem-o-ra-ting his name, by the wa-ters of this great in-land sea, it is fit-ting that we raise a mon-u-ment to his mem-o-ry, where fu-ture gen-er-a-tions may come and see the like-ness of the he-ro who died for lib-er-ty." At this point, "Lit-tle Abe" step-ped to the base of the stat-ue, and un-loos-ing the string that held the A-mer-i-can col-ors, re-veal-ed the rug-ged but state-ly form of Lin-corn to the gaze of ap-plaud-ing thou-sands. An il-lus-tra-tion of that life-like stat-ue forms the fron-tis-piece to this his-to-ry.

On this same day, Sat-ur-day, Oc-to-ber the 22d, 1887, and while yet the can-non were boom-ing in hon-or of Lin-corn, the Hon. E-li-hu B. Wash-burne, one of the most dis-tin-guish-ed men of his coun-try and his age, died in Chic-a-go at the res-i-dence of his son, Hemp-stead Wash-burne. Mr. Wash-burne was the friend of Lin-corn and Grant all through the dark days of the War. He will, how-ev-er, be best re-mem-ber-ed as U-ni-ted States Min-is-ter to France during the try-ing pe-ri-od of the Fran-co-Ger-man War. How suc-cess-ful-ly he con-duct-ed the del-i-cate du-ties of his of-fice we may judge, from the fact, that he so

won the con-fi-dence of men of all par-ties, that at their re-quest, and with the joint con-sent of the Gov-ern-ments at Wash-ing-ton and at Par-is, the Ger-mans and oth-er for-eign-ers then in Par-is, plac-ed them-selves under his of-fi-cial care. And when his term of of-fice end-ed, he had won the u-ni-ver-sal ad-mi-ra-tion of Eu-rope, and made the name of A-mer-i-can an hon-or-ed name in all the courts of the Old World. Mr. Wash-burne has left two port-ly vol-umes de-tail-ing the sto-ry of these e-vent-ful days, which form a grand con-tri-bu-tion to mod-ern his-to-ric lit-er-a-ture.

On Tues-day, Oc-to-ber the 16th, 1888, John Went-worth, one of the old-est in-hab-i-tants of Chic-a-go, and one of the best known men in the State, died at the Sher-man House, Chic-a-go, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Went-worth was a man of great stat-ure, and was on that ac-count known as "Long John." He was al-so a man of rug-ged, men-tal char-ac-ter. He was a pro-duct of the pi-o-neer days in which he play-ed a vig-or-ous part. He a-mass-ed a large for-tune in real es-tate, and was one of Chic-a-go's mill-ion-a-ires. He was twice may-or of Chic-a-go, and serv-ed twelve years as mem-ber of Con-gress.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 752 429 8